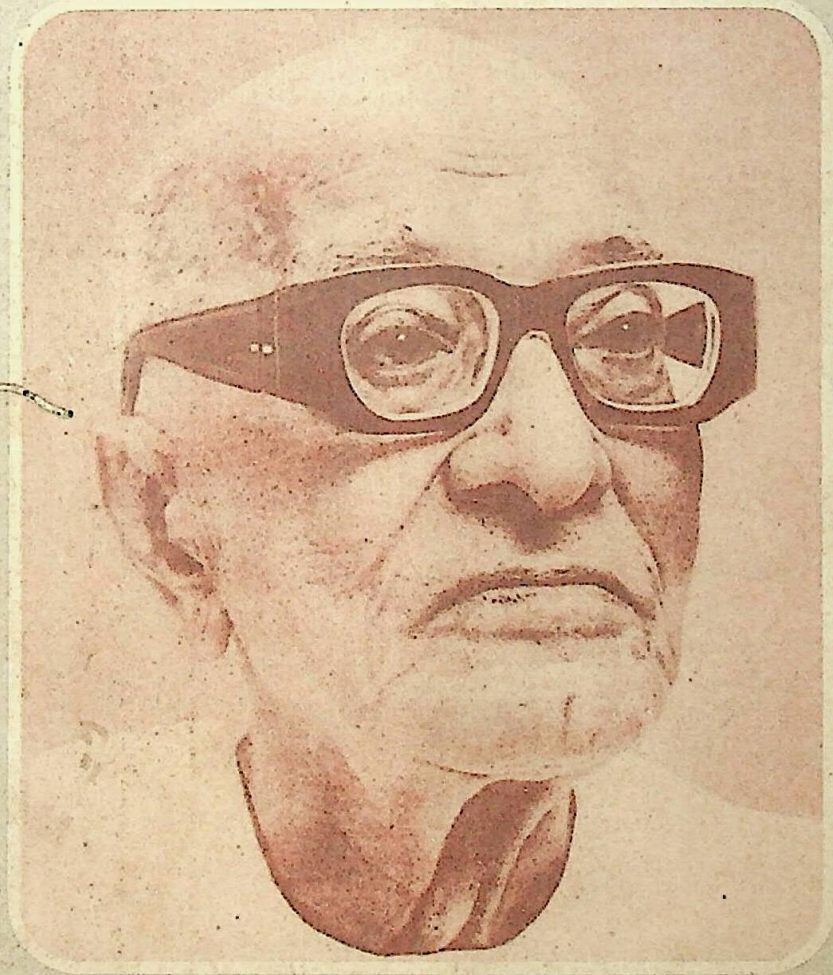


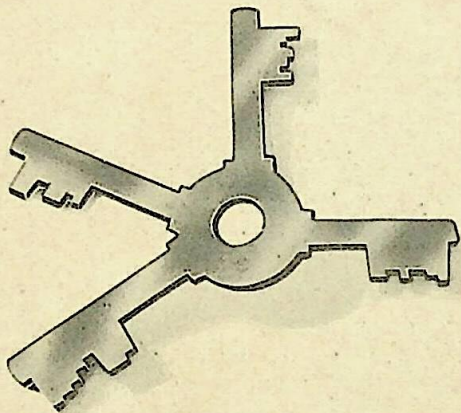
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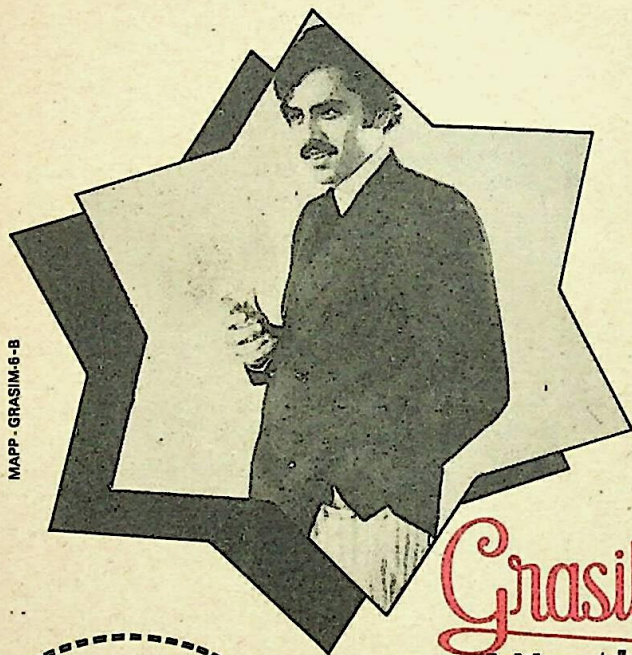
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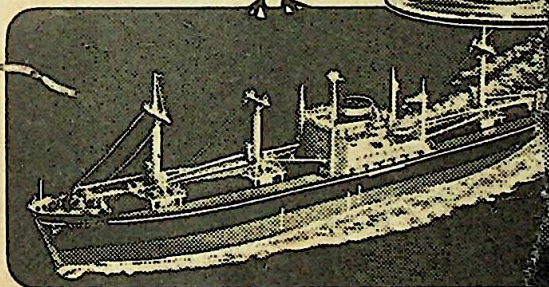
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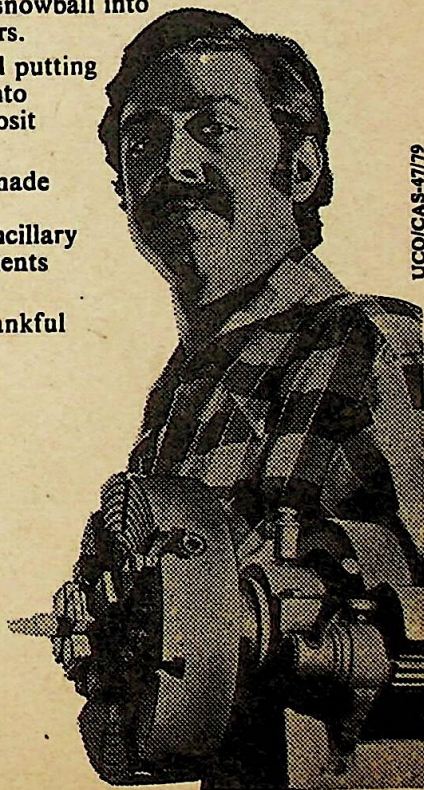
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Front Cover: Rajaji  
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*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*

*Rigveda I-89-i*

## PRAYER TO GURU

सन्नाथः श्रीजगन्नाथो मद्गुरुः श्रीजगद्गुरुः ।

ममात्मा सर्वभूतात्मा तस्मै श्रीगुरुवे नमः ॥

—*Visvasaratantra*

I bow to the divine Guru. He, my Lord, is the Lord of the Universe. He, my Guru, is the Guru of the Universe. He, my Self, is the Self of the Universe.

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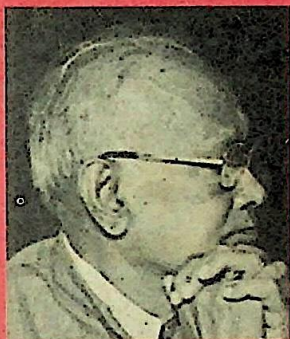
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Lokanayak  
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**Some  
Sidelights - 3**

S. RAMAKRISHNAN

**WHEN** Jayaprakashji was in Bombay from 1975 to 1977, excepting the crisis days, he used to be ready for breakfast, after his ablutions, shave and bath, around 9 a.m. When he was again in Bombay in 1979, he used to be ready one hour earlier—around 8 a.m. At the Express Towers, he preferred to have breakfast in the spacious, breezy terrace outside his bedroom overlooking the sea on one side and the massive 21-storeyed marble-facaded Air India building, Hotel Oberoi Sheraton, etc. on the other.

I would invariably reach at 7.45 a.m. The affectionate smile and *namaste* with which he greeted and the soft, sweet *baitheeye* with which he beckoned me to sit on a chair near to him were so tender, so

soothing and so touching. It has been an unforgettable and soul-stirring experience. One felt as if on the lap of a loving mother—completely at ease, no formality, no rigidity or holier-than-thou or all-knowing attitude.

Invariably Shri Thomas Abraham or Shri R. P. Parasuram would be reading out daily newspapers for Jayaprakashji. His sister Smt. Chandrakala Devi, who spent several months in Bombay in 1979, would also be there. During the morning hours, his memory was quite sharp and his occasional comments on events were germane, crisp and showed deep insight, sobriety and political insight. I distinctly remember Jayaprakashji's comments on Prime Minister Morarjibhai's forthright stand on the concerted move to



expel Egypt from the non-aligned conference for her signing the Peace Treaty with Israel. Jayaprakashji vigorously said:

"Morarjibhai is hundred per cent right in not allowing Egypt, a founder-member, to be expelled. President Sadat has shown great statesmanship and courage. Morarjibhai's blunt statement that he would not attend the summit if the move was not dropped, I believe, is the only language those hawks would understand."

He then added with a tinge of sadness:

"There is a propaganda that I have lost memory, I have become senile, I do not understand affairs, I blindly sign statements. It suits some to say so. My views may be inconvenient to those indulging in naked power-politics."

Occasionally his memory did lapse, particularly with regard to the immediate past events. However, invariably in the morning hours, after bath and breakfast, Jayaprakashji's mental faculty functioned all right. It is uncharitable to say that he allowed himself to be *banaaved*. He was pretty alert and careful before affixing his signature to anything.

## II

During his relaxed moments, Jayaprakashji sometimes reminisced about the thrilling days of the freedom struggle. With touching simplicity he would tell how, in those bygone days, he used to relish Bombay's "Irani Cha" often sharing a cup with Sarvashri Minoo Masani or Yusuf Mehrally or Achyut Pat-

wardhan or Asoka Mehta. All the health drinks that were almost being forced on him in later years did not have for him the relish he had for that 'Cha.'

## III

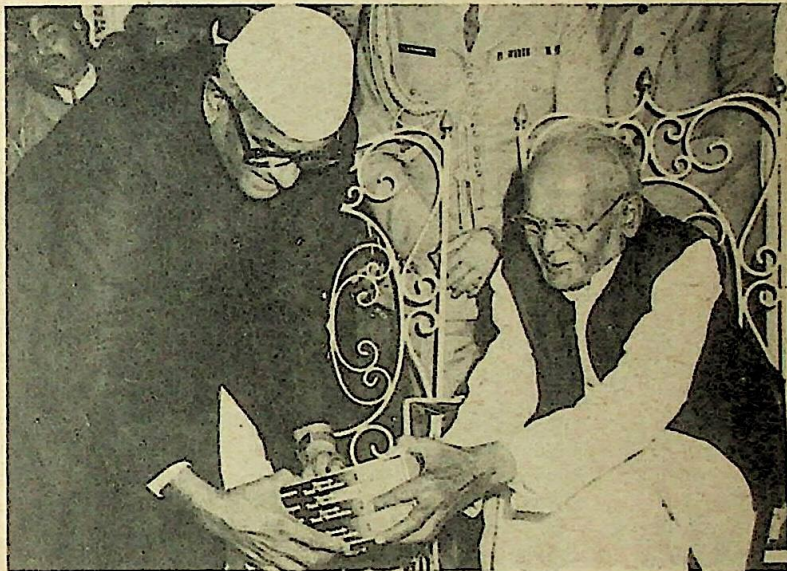
Shri Abraham, his Secretary, had over the years become an expert in inserting the needles into the grafted region of Jayaprakashji's body for conducting dialysis. Indeed, so far as the administration of medicines and, even diagnosis of Jayaprakashji's general ailments were concerned, he had gradually grown into a mini-doctor.

Shri Abraham was all his waking hours in the proximity of Jayaprakashji, ministering to his needs. Occasionally he would go to a corner of the corridor for a puff, his only "vice." At times Jayaprakashji would suddenly wish to give some instructions. With his characteristic, innocent smile, he would tell:

"Please see if 'Dr.' Abraham is there," but he would thoughtfully add a rider: "Pray, don't disturb him if he is smoking. Call him only after he is finished with it."

Jayaprakashji himself never smoked. Yet how considerate was he towards his Secretary even in the apparently small matter of not depriving him of his small pleasure! No wonder Shri Abraham was such a dedicated and efficient Secretary to the Lokanayak. And dedication is 95% efficiency.





- Rashtrapati Shri Sanjiva Reddy releasing Shri Jayaprakash Narayan's book, "Towards Total Revolution," in Patna on February 25, 1978.

#### IV

Rashtrapati Sanjiva Reddy had and still has great respect and regard for Jayaprakashji. Occasions when Shri Sanjiva Reddy paid courtesy calls on the ailing Lokanayak were not few. When Jayaprakashji returned after a successful treatment in Seattle in May 1977, Rashtrapatiiji specially flew to Bombay to receive him. Like all gentlemen, Jayaprakashji was always generous in acknowledging the courtesy and consideration of others. He was deeply touched by the solicitude of Rashtrapatiiji towards him. After one of Rashtrapatiiji's visits to him,

Jayaprakashji said:

"Whenever we meet, the President always recalls that but for my loving insistence he would never have given up his farming and contested the 1977 elections."

In June 1979, Shri C. Subramaniam, Vice-Chairman of the Rajaji Centenary National Committee, and I met Rashtrapatiiji at Hyderabad in connection with the work of the Rajaji Centenary Celebrations Committee. The topics of Jayaprakashji's health, his daily routine and diet naturally came up.

Rashtrapatiiji invited us for dinner the next day. Mangoes of delectable taste were served at the dinner and I happened to



remark that Jayaprakashji loved the king of fruits. Rashtrapatiji, with all the genuine pride of a farmer, told us that the mangoes had come from his orchards at Anantapur and that nothing would please him more than sending a few mangoes to Jayaprakashji. As I was returning to Bombay the next day, he immediately called the ADC and instructed that soon after dinner, he would visit the store-room to personally pick and choose a basketful from the recently arrived consignment of mangoes for Jayaprakashji. The basket duly arrived the next morning at the Ramakrishna Mission where I was sojourning, for onward transmission to Jayaprakashji in Bombay.

It was my pleasure and privilege to present the President's personal gift parcel to Jayaprakashji. He became emotional, especially when I conveyed that Rashtrapatiji himself had selected the mangoes for him.

Jayaprakashji jocularly remarked that I take home at least a dozen mangoes as "brokerage," and ensured through Shri Abraham that his wish in this regard was carried out.

For the next few days, the Anantapur mangoes were a must in Jayaprakashji's breakfast. With great warmth, he also used to tell the distinguished visitors who came to see him of Rashtrapatiji's affection-laden gift.

Dr. Karan Singh also occasionally visited Jayaprakashji. During one such visit towards the end of June 1979, he presented Jaya-



prakashji with a bouquet of jasmine flowers grown in his own garden. Jayaprakashji had the bouquet kept in a flowerpot on the teapoy in his bedroom. For the next few days, the flowers did not fade and to many distinguished visitors, Jayaprakashji would fondly say the flowers were from Dr. Karan Singh's own garden and were personally presented by him.

## VI

In the first week of May 1979, Jayaprakashji's health had improved sufficiently that the doctors felt that it was no longer essential for him to stay



on in Bombay. Climatically Patna's summer being worse than Bombay's, they however preferred Jayaprakashji's return after the onset of monsoon. The return journey to Patna was tentatively scheduled in the first half of



July. Almost the next day the decision was taken. Shri J. R. D. Tata along with Shri S. A. Sabavala called on Jayaprakashji and offered the Tata plane to fly him to Patna. Eventually an IAF aircraft was put at Jayaprakashji's disposal by Shri Jagjivan Ram, the then Defence Minister, who was spoken to by Shri Chandrasekharji. Bidding final goodbye to Bombay, Jayaprakashji left for Patna on July 7, 1979.

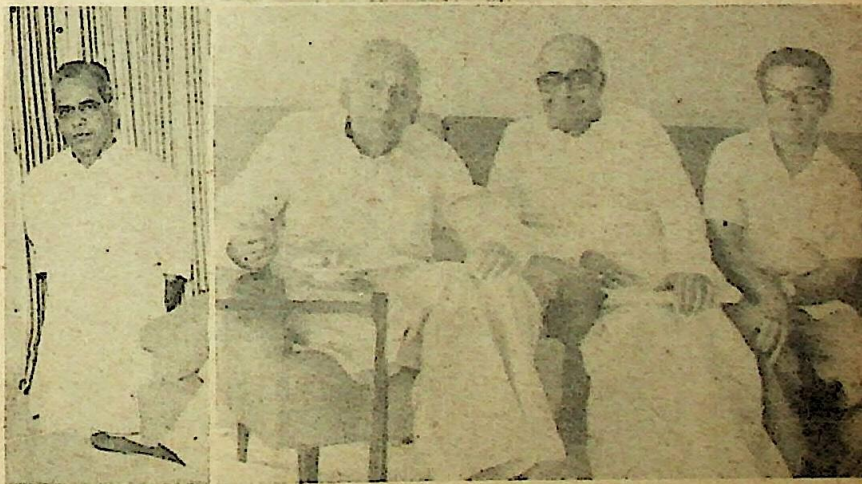
In the course of conversation, Jayaprakashji said:

"Once I get back to Patna, I hope and pray I would not have to come again to Bombay. I would like to spend the rest of the life vouchsafed to me only in Patna in the proximity

of Mother Ganga. Therefore, before returning to Patna, I would love to spend a fortnight in Madras."

We thought it was a passing thought. But he immediately asked Shri Abraham to consult Dr. Mani on the phone. The noted nephrologist saw no objection, as there were adequate facilities for dialysis in Madras.

Jayaprakashji was happy. Where he should stay was then considered. Ultimately he opted for his long-time Madras host Sri Easwara Aiyar. In less than ten minutes, Dr. Mani was back on the phone. This time it was to convey that the dialysis machine in Madras was out of order and hence Jayaprakashji's



(Left) Shri R. P. Parasuram. (Right) Shri Jayaprakashji, Shri S. Ramakrishnan and Shri Thomas Abraham.



visit to Madras would have to be dropped. Sorely disappointed, Jayaprakashji commented :

"How true it is—Man proposes and God disposes."

Continuing the conversation, Jayaprakashji recalled his several visits to Madras in the 1930s to organise the Congress Socialist Party, in 1937 when the First Congress Ministry under Rajaji's "Prime Ministership" was in office and there was an extreme order on some of the socialist leaders, and in the 1940s escorting a British Parliamentary Delegation.

He nostalgically spoke of his many friends in Madras, the significant contribution of the South to philosophy and religion and the preservation of India's ageless culture, the patriotic and intellectual traits and industrious habits of the people.

## VII

Jayaprakashji did not subscribe to the view that "those who are not with us are against us." He then recounted an interesting incident when he visited Madras with the British Parliamentary Delegation. One of his friends

hosted a dinner for the Delegation. Sir Alladi

Krishnaswami Aiyar, the eminent jurist, was also one of the invitees. It was a typical South Indian meal

served on long, green plantain leaf, all squatting on the floor. Sir Alladi was seated next to a woman Labour M.P. Suddenly, midway through the dinner, the soft spoken and mild-mannered Sir Alladi was at the top of his voice. He had rolled up his dhoti upto the loins and slapped his bare thigh with a thud to emphasise a particular point to the British M.P.! Narrating this three-decade-old incident in minute details, with obvious mirth, Jayaprakashji also, in a like manner, pulled up his own pyjama and slapped his bare thigh to illustrate the incident! He concluded the narration with the remark that Sir Alladi, who was then Advocate-General of Madras, was not suspected by the public at large to be so fiercely patriotic. Also it is grossly unjust for politicians to think that patriotism is their monopoly.

## VIII

Jayaprakashji was unhappy that even after coming to power with a massive majority, the Janata Party did not bring about any sea-changes in stemming corruption, the stench of which was rising sky-high before they took over.

He emphasised that the genesis of his whole movement was the removal of *brishtachar*-corruption from public life. One day, in a reminiscent mood, Jayaprakashji explained that corrup-







The Rashtrapati paying his homage to Lokanayak on October 8, 1979 at the Shri Krishna Memorial Hall, Patna. At extreme left is Shri M. Hidayatullah, Vice-President.

tion was a hydra-headed demon which was very difficult to be slain. He recalled how Dr. Rajendra Prasad, when he was the President of India, had himself written to Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru about the need for devising ways and means to put an end to corruption in high places, but in vain:

"Yes. Like Rajan Babu, Rajaji, C. D. Deshmukh and some others, I too had drawn Jawaharlalji's attention to the various allegations of corruption in high places, particularly against Sardar Pratap Singh Kairon, the then Chief Minister of Punjab. I was shocked when Nehru just nodded and told me: "I know that Kairon is not above board. But he is a very competent and efficient administrator and he gets things done. Therefore we have to tolerate him."

## IX

Jayaprakashji was more and more convinced that the re-enthronement of the Majesty of the Moral Law—the resuscitation of Moral and Ethical values in Public Life—alone would ensure enduring national reconstruction.

He wanted both the corruption in politics and the corruption of politics to be exorcised.

Towards this end, in spite of his feeble health, he agreed to undertake a special trip from Patna to Bombay to inaugurate on August 9, 1978, a convention sponsored jointly by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and the Gandhi Peace Foundation of select spiritual persons with no party affiliations.

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move. Jayaprakashji emphasised the role of ethics in politics thus:

"From time immemorial, there have been politicians who have proclaimed that there is no such thing as ethics in politics. In the old times, however, this amoralism did not spread its corrupting influence beyond a small class that played at politics, and the mass of the people were left uncorrupted, by what the leaders and ministers of the states did. But since the rise of totalitarianism which includes both Fascism, Nazism and Stalinism, their principle has been applied on a mass scale and every individual in society has been affected by it. This has resulted in such an eclipse of moral values from social life that not only its political sector has been darkened but every sector of common life, including even family life."

□ □ □

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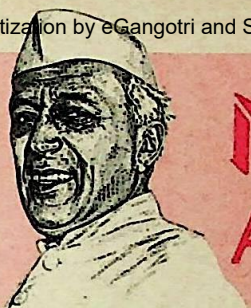
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# NEHRU ANECDOTES

IT was about 8.30 p.m. when he finished his speech at one of the election meetings in 1937. As soon as he had done so, he enquired of the local Congressmen whether he could leave. Pat came the reply, "Yes, Sir".

The three of us got into the car and left. After having driven about a furlong Jawaharlal said that the Congress workers of... had no sense of hospitality. "I said" I wanted to go and they agreed to it, without even offering me a cup of tea."

Nehru had taken no tea in the afternoon and as he had always maintained good health, he was feeling very hungry.

He asked me whether there was any restaurant in the city. I said there was none. Then I remembered the railway station where some tea could be got. He said, "Let us go there."

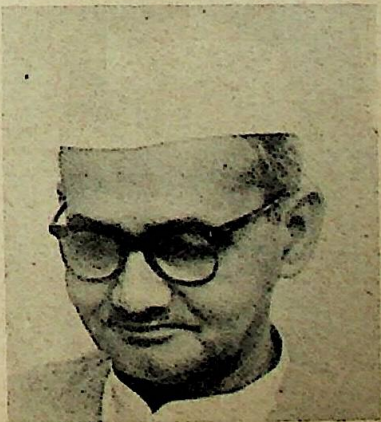
We motored to the railway station and went to the railway restaurant. There was nothing there except some tea and a few pieces of bread.

After having taken the tea we were asked to pay the bill. Everyone of us searched his

pocket and found that none of us carried sufficient money. Between us we could collect about two and a half rupees. Nehru had about a rupee and a quarter. Mrs. Purnima Banerjee another rupee and I gave the few annas to complete the full amount required.

How awkward would it have been if we had failed to make up the amount amongst ourselves!

Proceeding further in our tour, Nehru said he would like to drive the car. The owner of the car, Mrs. Purnima Banerjee, request-





ed him not to take the trouble as he must be feeling tired. He, however, insisted. She said that he might not be able to drive it well. Nehru said, "Look at her cheek and the reflection that she is making." He took over the car from her and we reached Allahabad by about 11 o'clock that night.

I requested Jawaharlal to get down at "Anand Bhavan" from where I would go to my house but he did not agree and said he must reach me home. As it was getting late he started driving fast and unfortunately a cow was struck by the handle of one of the doors of the car. The cow was injured, especially a part of her horn. There was no one there, yet Jawaharlal stopped the car and went near the cow and asked me what should be done. We waited there for about ten minutes. Meanwhile, some people came over and the owner of the cow also came.

As soon as they saw Nehru they all said that we need not bother; we, therefore, went our way but before leaving Jawaharlal noted the name and address of the owner of the cow. He first dropped me at my place and then went back to "Anand Bhavan." Next morning he sent about Rs. 30 to the owner of the cow for its treatment.

—*Lal Bahadur Shastri*

## II

It was Simla, in the summer

of 1931. Not long down from Cambridge, I had been in India a year. But civil disobedience had been on, and much jailing, so I had not yet met any Congressmen.

What I expected them to be like I cannot recall. But certainly not like the first big one I spoke to, India's Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru.

I had no idea who he was. In those days I held a Government post, was less hard worked than now as journalist, and had ambled from my room in Gorton Castle to gossip with an Indian colleague. The Round Table Conference in London was being arranged, the Irwin-Gandhi Pact enabled Congress to be represented, and everyone was discussing who would be chosen.

I found a visitor. My colleague mentioned his name; but I failed to catch it.

He was a modest, quiet person. Conversation pleasantly developed. And soon a very strange atmosphere was radiated. I was no more in Gorton Castle amidst files and telephones, with scarlet chappariss coughing outside in the corridors. I was not even in India. The discursive, questing, uninhibited scholarly talk had shifted me 6,000 miles. I was back in Cambridge, no bureaucrat but a student, in stimulating free exchange of ideas with one of the younger



dons.

"Who was that man?" I later asked my colleague with enthusiasm. "I liked him. Being with him was like being an undergraduate again in England."

"Oh, surely you realized? Jawaharlal Nehru."

—Ian Stephens

### III

One night in 1936 or thereabouts, at ten o'clock, I was sitting alone in my rather silly, rather grand house in Bhagwan-das Road, New Delhi, when the telephone rang. The voice that spoke was Jawaharlal's. I could hardly credit my ears. I was a Government servant. He was an exile in the Congress camp.

The voice said: "I say—we've just got back to this filthy camp of ours and there isn't a thing to eat. If we came over, d'you think you could give us something?"

To say that I was thrilled would be an understatement: I was shot to the seventh heaven by the idea that my efforts to behave decently had penetrated to Jawaharlal.

I said cautiously: "My servants have all gone to bed; but I think I could cook up some eggs." "Good," replied Jawaharlal, "but, mind you, no politics."

Rather disappointed, I said "O.K.," and went to cook the eggs: presently Jawaharlal and Nan Pandit arrived. I seated

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them in my long white drawing room and asked: "Well. What do you think of my house?"

Jawaharlal cast his eyes around, and up to the ceiling where little clerestory windows gave on to the roof (through which I guessed that Sir John Ewart's spies were peering with bulging eyes and ears cupped for treasonable talk), and said: "H'm, stately, I'd say, rather than cosy."

He was right.

In any case, we spent a delightful, non-political evening, and that was that. Not much of a memory, but nevertheless one which, given the circumstances of the time, I don't and don't forget.

—Lionel Fielden

# FATAL ECSTASY

C. RAJGOPALACHARI

**P**ERHAPS very few know that Rajaji occasionally tried his hand at composing poems. And whenever he did, he wrote with utter sincerity which marks all his writings.

We reproduce here one such rare poem, entitled "Fatal Ecstasy." It brings out the woe of Rajaji's poetic heart at the way in which the noble intentions of our Constitution framers are sought to be defeated by money power. Being an ardent believer in God, Rajaji attributes all these to the working of a higher power.

Thanks to Dr. Hare Krushana Mahtab, it is now possible to know the circumstances under which Rajaji came to write this poem. In reply to my letter Dr. Mahtab wrote to me on September 11, 1979:

"When Rajaji and I were colleagues in the Central Cabinet, I once invited him to tea and he handed over the poem to me which was in his hand-writing. The original copy is missing now. The poem was published in the *Swarajya* of Madras and also in many other papers."

—S. R.

*The gods decide, whate'er our plans:  
So when at last we got the chance  
After the long battle to frame the law  
We framed it without a single flaw  
So that of power we were quite bereft  
And could not move to right or left.*

*For a wonder to the civilised world  
On three hundred millions we hurled  
What spread our glory wide and far  
Adult franchise sans sex bar.*

*The evil power of the rich we smote  
Through secret ballot and direct vote*



*So the halls of power they cannot enter  
In the States nor at the Centre.*

*The harvest indeed was plenteous  
But it soon became quite obvious  
The reaping would be ruinous  
Our men being impecunious.*

*No congressmen could bear the expense  
Without the help of moneyed friends:  
Help always carries strings held tight  
Was it for this our long drawn fight?*

*O the vanity of human wishes  
The gods do mock our plans ambitious  
Help O muse of truthful song  
And let the rhythm be melancholy  
For the theme of my lament is human folly.*

*They stand in a queue the struggling men  
For ruin now us for glory then  
But do not the lepidoptera fly  
Into the burning flame to die?*

*Nature's law is just the same  
For man and woman, for moth and bee.  
When the purpose is over for which they come  
She sends a fatal ecstasy.*

---

*"The manner in which swaras are woven into the various ragas in our Karnatic music can be best studied by playing them on the Veena. The Veena, which can be heard within the Sanctum Sanctorum of a temple, is a great treasure of Karnatic music. It is only the Veena that can best demonstrate the manners in swaravarna and the part played by overtones and harmonies in Karnatic Music. Students of music should make the Veena their teacher in this regard so that they are able to attain competence in this branch of music."*

—M. S. Subbulakshmi

# Rajaji

## on Sankara's Advaita

*Be it philosophy or politics, Rajaji was always a clear-headed thinker.*

*Rajaji's reverence for Adi Sankara is well known and he did much to popularise the great master's works such as "Bhaja Govindam." In this article, a scholar of repute examines Rajaji's approach to Advaita Philosophy which is considered as recondite by many.*

T. M. P. MAHADEVAN

**T**HERE may be a variety of worshippers who adore different forms of God. Let us remember that it is the same blissful Reality that is sought for, no matter what name and form are given to it.

There may also be different grades of worship: from the kind which pursues selfish ends or material benefits up to the noblest kind which is to submit completely to the Higher Will.

This last kind brings identification and mergence with God. This identification and revelry in the Divine Form calls for only one more step so as to enter the realm where *jnana* and *bhakti* lose their distinction.

This last rung on the ladder reaching to Liberation (*moksha*) requires nothing less than total surrender of the ego, even of the purified one. Sri Krishna reveals to the purified devotee in the *Bhagavad Gita* the way of wisdom by which the goal is reached. Sankara has explained the Lord's teaching thus: "To them who are ever devout, worshipping Me with love, not for any purpose of their own but out of love for Me—to them I give that devotion of true knowledge of My essential nature, by which they know Me, the supreme Lord, the Self, as their own Self."

Let us see what Rajaji with his characteristic acute discri-



mination has to say about this: "Adi Sankaracharya wrote a number of Vedantic works for imparting knowledge of the Self and the Universal Spirit. He also composed a number of hymns to foster *bhakti* in the hearts of men."

"When wisdom is integrated with life and issues out in action it becomes *bhakti*."

This noble statesman—not having had the time to make any academic research on the issue regarding *bhakti* and *jnana*—in statements such as these showed great understanding, perhaps more than that of some scholars who spend their time arguing which is the better path—*bhakti* or *jnana*.

From the lofty spiritual position which was Rajaji's, it becomes a matter of indifference whether we say that knowledge when it becomes fully mature is *bhakti* or that *bhakti* when it becomes fully mature is knowledge. He was of the firm opinion that knowledge and devotion are not to be separated. This belief he acted out so masterfully in life.

His whole attitude was marked by his ability to distinguish the real importance of things and the seemingly so, between issues and emotions.

Great was Rajaji's reverence for Sankara and his understand-

ing of the Great Master's teachings. His keen intelligence and wisdom did not let him fall into the wrong notion so often maintained that in Sankara's teaching there is no place for devotion. Clear thinking made this warm-voiced statesman tell us that Sankara sang hymns to God-head so as to develop devotion in people.

Let me add, would the Great Master Sankara have done this if *bhakti* were not necessary for reaching the Goal? In the course of his tours of victory Sankara has sung in almost every shrine of the country hymns which charged the hearts of all with pure devotion, and to this day these hymns are sung giving the singers and listeners peace of mind.

That devotion is necessary is stressed not only in those luminous poems but even in the commentaries as also in his manuals on Advaita. But it is to be noted that Sankara explains also the kind of devotion that is required.

When one follows the path of devotion (*bhakti-yoga*) one becomes eligible for entering the knowledge-discipline (*jnanani-stha*). It is this path which culminates in Liberation.

What is the experience of the noblest *bhakta*? He is eternally united with God as the Ultimate



Reality, the supreme non-dual God-head. For such a one who has become a sage, there is no other reality. Consequently he is one with complete devotion (*eka-bhakti*). This one is not a devotee in the usual sense of the term. The sage and God-head are not two; they are one.

In the *Bhagavad Gita* four types of devotees are described: the one who seeks wealth; the one in distress; the one who longs for gaining knowledge and the one who knows the true nature of God. The sage is the fourth type. The sage and the fourth type of devotee are the same.

It may be asked what the devotee and the sage have in common, how a sage can still be a devotee. To this we answer, just as the ideal devotee has cast aside all needs from his heart, his mind bound entirely to his Lord, so also has the sage renounced all desires by transcending them through the understanding of their fleeting nature, God-head having taken the place of the individual ego. This is the path of experiencing non-separation, non-otherness (*anan-yatva*).

It discloses the fact that there is nothing real other than God, the supreme Self. This brings with it freedom from fear of another, utter peace and unquali-

fied eternal bliss.

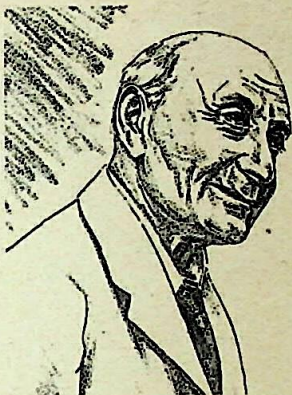
When this revelation comes, the mind becomes steady and undistracted in the contemplation of that non-dual Reality. This is a kind of devotion that is constant by its very nature, this is also knowledge. By this highest devotion the sage knows Divinity as it is, thus all experience of difference like the one even between God (*Isvara*) and the soul (*Jiva*) disappears. The result of this is the experience of Liberation (*moksha*). *Moksha* is only another appellation of the non-dual Self.

This state of supreme felicity is not a state to be attained only after death. It is the eternal nature of the Self. This being so, it can be realised here, and now.

Those who have really understood Advaita by their unique insight have discovered this comforting truth. They know that the ultimate goal of man is there, eternally waiting for the mortal to turn to it and thus conquer death. What is required of the aspirant is unselfishness and profound inquiry. Compassion out of a sense of oneness with all creation should be a result of inner analysis. Then his every act will be one of selfless service. Rajaji was the personification of intelligence and love.

□ □ □





# A COSMIC HYMN

PETHICK LAWRENCE

THE esteem and regard Lord Pethick-Lawrence, who headed the British Cabinet Mission to India, had for Rajaji is very much evident from the opinion he sought from Rajaji for his poem "A Cosmic Hymn."

Vera Brittain in her biography of Pethick-Lawrence says Chakravarti Rajagopalachari to whom the poem was submitted commented that 'the hymn is Vedanta pure and complete,' and she adds, "Possibly his intensive contacts with the Indian mind during 1946 showed their constructive results in this poem."

In his letter—his final one from India—which Pethick-Lawrence wrote to Lady Emmeline on June 27, 1946, the last sentence was: "I have made some charming friends, in particular Rajagopalachari who has written me a most affectionate letter to say goodbye."

The poem composed in 1948 and published in *The New Statesman* and *Nation* on November 21, 1949 is as follows:

*Thou art the source and substance of all cosmic life.  
We are Thy creatures and the instruments of Thy creation.  
Time and Space are the garments Thou has chosen  
In which to manifest Thyself in this our universe.*

*All things that have breath partake of Thy spirit;  
 All matter is the embodiment of Thy being.  
 There is no portion of Space that is without Thee,  
 And no moment of Time without Thy presence;  
 And where Time and Space are not, there also art Thou.*

\* \* \*

*I am a petal on Thy flower; I am a babe in Thy bosom;  
 Through Thy umbilical cord I draw my sustenance.  
 Because I am one with Thee there is nothing beyond or outside  
 of me;  
 All knowledge and all sensation are available to me,  
 But in this casket of my body I undergo separation;  
 I am subject to the limits of birth and life and death.  
 Thou hast entrusted me with the awesome gift of free choice,  
 So that I love and hate, I heal and hurt, I kill and I make alive.  
 Thou hast sent me forth on a high adventure  
 To experience and explore for Thee the working of Thy law.  
 When my mission is accomplished and my scroll complete,  
 Thou wilt break this casket and gather me again unto Thyself.*

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N. A. PALKHIVALA

**IF** greatness consists in the combination of character and intellect of the highest order and if it is to be measured by the lasting value of solid work done in the fields of thought and action, Rajaji was beyond question one of the outstanding men in world history.

Rajaji played many parts with great distinction and ran through the gamut of high public offices, including the highest. He was close to the heart of power for decades, but the corroding power of power left his innate simplicity and humbleness untouched.

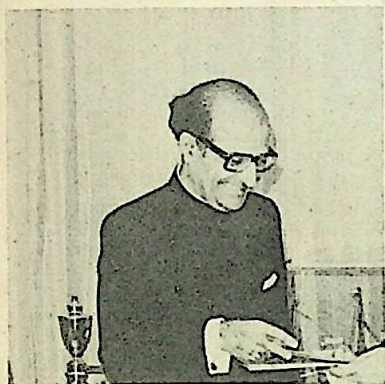
As Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu and as a Cabinet Minister at the Centre, Rajaji practised and preached true socialism. Today when we are carried away by the other type of socialism on the cheap, which feeds on

slogans and promises, and thrives on the people, it is necessary to remind ourselves of the implications of true socialism which Rajaji believed in.

True socialism means the investment of human and material resources in an imaginatively planned manner which can contribute to the vitality and progress of the nation. Keep it in the mainstream of self-generating growth and development, raise the standard of living of the masses, and bring forth the maximum gifts of each for the fullest enjoyment of all.

The translation of such socialism into action demands intellect and knowledge, character and dedication. Possessing these rare attributes, Rajaji gave a truly socialist government to the people. He felt deeply for the poor, without, to use his own phrase.





"the condescension of aristocracy or the sense of extraordinary virtue." In an age when "leaders" do not lead the masses but are led by the masses, when the clamour is for the false, glittering political popularity which like faerie gold vanishes even at the touch, Rajaji stood as a rock in the wilderness of shifting sands.

Rajaji had a mind like a razor. His mental processes worked for decades with incredible speed and incisiveness. His towering intellect cut sharply into the heart of a matter and then with the lift and power of imagination he offered solutions for the troubled sub-continent. The sweep of his mind was matched only by the range of his reading. His vision was almost uncanny. Gandhiji once said, "Rajaji sees at least six months ahead of me." John F. Kennedy described the impact of Rajaji on him as "one of the most civilising

influences since I became President."

He had the rare gift of being able to speak to different men at different levels. He could carry conviction to intellectuals with his power of deep thought and precise expression; he could address the masses equally effectively in terms which could stir their minds and hearts.

No problem was ever too big for his capacity or too small for his attention. He was a perfectionist in everything that he did. His intellectual integrity, his indomitable courage and his absolute simplicity have already passed into a byword. However winds might veer or currents shift, Rajaji always steered by the same star, and that star was his conscience and his intellectual conviction. During the half century that he was in public life, none was ever able to overcome his iron will or rupture his sense of public duty.

Seldom has so much been packed into one human life. Rajaji's English translations of Sanskrit classics and Tamil books on European classics are among the finest in the field. What made him tower over the stormy scene for so long was the fact that he, the man of thought, was also a dynamic man of action. He has rarely been equalled as an administrator. He had that unfailing, uplifted mental and moral vision, combined with the



art of adroit and practical management of men and affairs, which is so essential for those who guide the foot-steps of nations.

Generations later, this great and benignant lamp of wisdom and humanity will be remembered and revered when most of those who dominate the political scene today are totally forgotten. He carried the story of Indian independence forward into a new chapter—Freedom from subjugation of Indians by Indians—the full significance of which will be realised only in the years to come.

Not for Rajaji was the satisfaction of enjoying in placid quiet the autumn years of his life. In him, even at the age of 93, there was the intense, unrelenting fervour to carry on with the task that can never end. Of all his great achievements, perhaps Clio will regard his achievement after the age of 80 as his greatest. Surrounded by politicians whose minds were shrouded in opaque ignorance, he once more decided to do what he had so often done in the past—blaze a new trail. At a time, when, despite a Constitution which enshrined the highest ideals of liberty and freedom, the citizens' basic freedoms were stifled by an all-powerful bureaucracy, when a permit-quota licence Raj laid its

steel claws upon the nation's economy, and corruption stalked the land, this frail man of 80 rose once again at the centre of the national scene, and campaigned in support of true freedom.

The old world of culture and *dharma*, of values and decorum in public life, seemed to be doomed; but it did not lack its standard-bearer. He started a new political party. Pithy, trenchant thoughts and phrases poured from his mind week after week. His articles in *Swarajya* and his speeches in various States acted as a solvent of fear and despondency. In the crowded story of freedom and democracy there is no parallel to what Rajaji attempted during his last 13 years.

Perhaps no other figure in world history, at Rajaji's age and against such overwhelming odds, tried so much, dared so much, toiled so much and gave so much to his people. This man, cast in a heroic mould, sought to bring back to India the Spirit of Liberty, to whose defence he summoned every resource of oratory and dialectic, character and action. His message is simple—freedom cannot be inherited in the bloodstream but has to be cherished, defended and preserved by eternal vigilance and struggle.

The measure of Rajaji's stu-



pendous contribution in the last decade lies in the quickening of the seminal forces of basic freedom, and in the momentum which he imparted to the living principles of the rule of law so that democracy and civil liberty may survive in India beyond our own times and in the days when our place will know us no more. He restored to us our self-respect and made us realise that we do not live by bread alone and that we are greater than we know. The lustre and respect with which a grateful nation lights his memory is a measure of the ceaseless service he rendered and still more of the character he bore.

The spirit knows no youth or

age, no fatigue or death. When the spirit is fed by the well-springs of a deep, abiding faith no task is ever done in vain, no effort is ever lost.

And so for Rajaji, he personified the courage never to submit or yield. There is no man whom the great words of Milton fit better:

*"... unmoved  
Unshaken, unsexed,  
untormented,  
His loyalty he kept, his love,  
his zeal  
Nor number, nor example with  
him wrought  
To swerve from truth or  
change his constant mind."*

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# RAJAJI

remembers  
an old  
friend

**A** BOYHOOD friend of Rajaji was Shri M. V. Alasingrachar of Melkote who served as Police Inspector in Mysore State, now Karnataka.

Rajaji and Shri Alasingrachar were boarders sharing the kind hospitality of Shri Setlur Biligiri Iyengar, an Advocate of Madras, along with many other students at Triplicane.

Shri Biligiri Iyengar, it may be recalled, was a great philanthropist and an ardent admirer and well-wisher of Swami Vivekananda. Among others Shri Iyengar was also instrumental in sending Swamiji to America.

Shri Alasingrachar, a student of the Hindu High School, Madras, had the good fortune

of having Rt. Hon'ble V. Srinivasa Sastri as head-master and the opportunity of having guidance from senior students like Rajaji.

As Shri Alasingrachar joined the Police Service and Rajaji entered politics, they did not renew their contacts for many years. After retirement Shri Alasingrachar settled down at Melkote.

Melkote is well known as Thirunarayanapuram where the great Acharya Ramanuja stayed for 13 years and renovated the famous Chaluva Narayana Temple. This shrine is one of the four foremost, and is held in very great reverence by all the devotees, particularly, the Sri-vaisnavas.

The place has also a very great tradition established by the large-hearted and benevolent Acharya, almost 1000 years ago, a tradition not widely publicised. It is in this holy place that permission was granted to Harijans to enter the temple and offer worship along with other devotees during the famous Vairamudi Utsavam held in March-April every year.

A relative of Rajaji by name Shri T. Krishnaswamy of Madras visited Melkote during March 1943 and was a guest at the residence of Shri Alasingrachar. After his return he met Rajaji and narrated details of his visit to Melkote.

Soon after Rajaji wrote to his old friend:

*Tyagarajanagar, Madras,  
April 8, 1943.*

*Dear Alasingrachar,*

*I learnt from Mr. T. Krishnaswamy of your kindness to him, of your remembering me. It is an invigourating thing for any person to see that friends of youth and early life keep a soft corner in their hearts for him.*

*Yours sincerely,  
C. Rajagopalachari*

Later on Shri Alasingrachar wrote to Rajaji requesting him to pay a visit to Melkote.

Rajaji's reply was:

*Tyagarajanagar, Madras,  
April 13, 1943.*

*Dear Alasingrachar,*

*I am very grateful for your affectionate letter. I hope I shall be able some time to visit Melkote and enjoy your hospitality.*

*Yours sincerely,  
C. Rajagopalachari*

Shri Alasingrachar met Rajaji at Delhi in January 1948 and renewed his request for a visit to Melkote. He also wrote to Rajaji to the Raj Bhavan, Calcutta, stating that he had organised prayers in the Sri-vaishnava tradition (*Nalayirami*) for the peace of the world and

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also in memory of Mahatmaji, and the same was reported to Rajaji.

During May 1949 Rajaji was scheduled to visit Mysore state. Shri Alasingrachar wrote to Rajaji seeking an interview with him with the object of taking him to Melkote at least for a short stay.

At long last Shri Alasingrachar, along with his two sons—Shri M. V. Sampatkumarachar and Shri M. V. Srinivasan who have made available all the details for the present article—and his grandson, had the opportunity of meeting Rajaji and spending some time with him, recalling and reviving old times and memories. The meeting took place at the Residency in Bangalore, on May 17, 1949 at a time when Rajaji was the Governor-General of India.

Rajaji, however, could not fulfil his friend's desire of visiting Melkote.

Later on, some time in January 1956, Shri Alasingrachar again wrote to Rajaji renewing his request to visit Melkote and also asking for a photograph.

Rajaji's reply in his own handwriting was:

*C. Rajagopalachari*

60, Bazlullah Road,  
Tyagarajanagar,  
Madras-17,  
3-2-1956.

*My dear Alasingrachar,*

*When you are there to offer worship on my behalf to Tirunarayana and Emperumanar why should I go to Melkote in my body? God bless you. I am sending you a picture by book-post as desired.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*C. Rajagopalachari*

On Shri Alasingrachar's passing away on October 14, 1958, Rajaji sent to his sons the following condolence message in his own handwriting:

*C. Rajagopalachari*

60, Bazlullah Road,  
Tyagarajanagar,  
Madras-17,  
21-10-1958.

*My sympathies and good wishes to the family. Be good and devoted to God and your father's spirit will be pleased.*

*C. Rajagopalachari*

*Shri M. V. Sampat Kumara-  
charya,  
659/D, Vaiyalikaval,  
Bangalore-3.*

As could be seen by a perusal of these letters, Rajaji's letters are short and to the point, but reveal his personality.

His letters and photograph are cherished possessions of the devoted sons of Shri Alasingrachar. □□□

*The author who since his retirement lives in Kuala Lumpur is a Malaysia-born Ceylonese school teacher. Love for India is a passion with him. Here he presents a moving account of his association with Rajaji that began from his boyhood.*

## I counted coins with RAJAJI

S. DURAI RAJA SINGAM

**V**ERY early in life I fell in love with Rajaji. In our time, (in Jaffna) no leader other than Gandhiji had such a dazzling attraction so instantaneous and with an immense following. In most respects, both Gandhiji and Rajaji went together.

The year was 1923. Rajaji shot like a meteor battling with Chittaranjan Das and Motilal Nehru. A special session of the Congress was to consider the question of boycott of the Legislative Councils. The Constructive Programme was vigorously preached and popularised by Rajaji, Rajendra Prasad, Seth Jamnalal Bajaj and Devadas Gandhi as they toured the country.

The annual session of the Congress followed at Kakinada. Rajaji was in the forefront opposing Council-Entry. With Gandhiji behind prison walls the battle for the no-changers was won by Rajaji at the Gaya Congress.

At this point, it is appropriate to digress and bring in another scene. It is an account of the 'sham' Indian National Congress staged by the brotherhood, the literary association of Jaffna College.

I took the part of Rajaji. I was now approaching my nineteenth birthday. The class was ready for the English lesson, the first period of the afternoon session by our Vice-Principal, J. V. Chelliah. But a few minutes



before his arrival there was the glorious music of a song in praise of Gandhiji (composed by a classmate) accompanied by tapping on the desks.

Our Vice-Principal took his seat, with a smile—he must have heard our song—and asked me as to when the annual brotherhood celebrations were to be held. “Very soon, Sir,” I replied. We then heard him say, “We shall, then, stage a sham Indian National Congress.”

The whole class was jubilant. I was to take the part of Rajaji. Phrases like “Persistent, insistent, consistent” opposition which we learnt from our history teacher were on our lips, and Gandhi caps were tailored in abundance. The whole show was a grand success, so much so that the Principal of a neighbouring college asked us to repeat the performance and complimented me saying: “You have acted the part of Rajaji well, even without his *dark* spectacles.” Our college was now in the throes of a Gandhian awakening.

My first meeting with Rajaji himself was in Madras in the home of Srinivasa Iyengar. I had gone to Madras to have *darshan* of Gandhiji when he came to Madras after his visit to Vykam.

The approach was easy. I met Rajaji and told him that I had come all the way from Jaffna and added that I had played his role

at a sham Indian National Congress staged by students. He took the remarks light-heartedly and took me to Gandhiji, saying, “Here is a student from Ceylon.” Gandhiji then greeted me saying, “O, Ceylon, where every prospect pleases and man alone is vile.” My next and last meeting with Rajaji was during Gandhiji’s visit to Ceylon in 1927.

Gandhiji had said in a speech when he was with students in Jaffna, “Though I receive, and receive with thankfulness, money from millionaires, it is a source of much greater pleasure to me to receive small gifts, no matter how small, they may be, from boys and girls who are still making their lives.”

He cited two reasons. One, the gifts from innocent boys and girls fructify much more. Secondly, these gifts give him a keener sense of responsibility. Sovereigns and coins poured in magnificently. There were only a few bad coins. Collections at Jaffna, the Jaffna colleges, Chunnakam, Chavakacheri, Manipay, Vaddukoddai, Vavuniya, Karainagar and several other places raised the Jaffna collection to nearly Rs. 18,300.

We from Malaysia sent in our amounts through the *Hindu Organ*, Jaffna. I was in a team of volunteers of the ‘Students’ Congress assigned to do the work of counting the coins with



Rajaji or someone from Gandhiji's party. It was a pleasure to find Rajaji joining us in the counting of the coins. Sometimes it took several hours late in the night when meetings were over.

On many occasions Rajaji would come to my place and join me in counting the heap of coins before me.

I once heard Gandhiji make a witty remark to Rajaji who usually was the auctioneer and interpreter at the meetings in Jaffna. At one meeting, Rajaji was hesitant to come forward to interpret the speech of Gandhiji into Tamil. Gandhiji, then said, "Yes, I know, I know that Tamil in Jaffna is in its purer form than the Tamil spoken in South India." This was said at a meeting at the Ramanathan Girl's College. I wonder who told Gandhiji of this. At another meeting at Moorai, Gandhiji was garlanded by a small girl and Gandhiji looking at Rajaji said, "This is my Jaffna sweetheart."

Fifty years ago, I changed the spelling of my name, Thurai Raja Singam to Durai Raja Singam. Some of us Jaffna Tamils do not follow phonetics in the spelling of our names. Rajaji once wrote to me that the correct phonetic way to spell my name was with a D and not with TH. Facing a few difficulties such as making changes in my

birth certificate (still not done), I accepted his advice and became D. R. Singam. Much to the amusement of my children and friends, I would say, that the DR was awarded to me by Rajaji. Thus he is linked with the spelling of my name, a change which I have cherished. I once discussed this change with the late Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterjee, and he also approved of this change.

Of his own name Rajaji wrote, "My name if properly written would be 'Rajagopalacharya'. When I was at college in Bangalore it was spelt 'Rajagopalachar' in accordance with the Kannada style. This is how I even now sign my name."

In a letter to me once, Rajaji remarked that he did not know his date of birth. Perhaps he did not have much curiosity about the subject, for, as he wrote to me on another occasion, he did not wish to have his biography written.

For me Rajaji's letters are full of interest and value. He concluded his letters with such words as "Once again warm thanks and affectionate regards;" "You are a wonderful person. God bless you;" "You are doing very good work. Congratulations;" "My best wishes to Gandhi-ki-jai Singam." Of his letters included in a booklet of mine *Letters to Remember*, he said, "What a de-



lightful book! The contents most interesting, even my own letters; for they are just reading matter to me, having gone completely out of my memory."

His foreword to my book *India and Malaysia — Their Cultural Connections*, begins with self-effacing remarks: "I am no scholar, no historian, no anything. I saw him fifty years ago as a schoolboy. Ever since then he has been an ardent worshipper at the altar of Gandhiji and his way of life and thought." Another letter runs, "Enclosed is from a book I am reading—*The Way and the Mountain*—a book on Tibet by a friend of mine, Marco Pallis. It is a little bit about your great hero A. K. Coomaraswamy." When I sent him a copy of Coomaraswamy's *Time and Eternity*, he remarked, "An erudite piece of work which I can never hope to understand."

I asked him once to translate Coomaraswamy's *Dance of Siva* into Tamil. When I sent him a copy of my *Coomaraswamy Reader* he wrote, "What a splendid book from beginning to end!" He trusted me with the only copy

of his notes written for Gandhiji's benefit on Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven*, which I duly returned with 25 typed copies. Thanks to my friend, Shri A. Ranganathan, I have been able to get a copy of Rajaji's letter to Shri T. K. Chidambaranatha Mudaliar on the *Dance of Siva*. I am inclined to think that Rajaji's interest in Coomaraswamy was renewed by my sending him almost all of my Coomaraswamy publications, so much so that he wrote to me, "You are a veritable Hanuman and Valmiki combined." In fact he told Shri A. Ranganathan to get in touch with me and referred to me in affectionate terms.

The last look I had of Rajaji was when I saw Gandhiji and Rajaji at the railway station in Jaffna more than 50 years ago. Standing between my mother and grandmother we emptied our pockets for the Harijan Fund. The train moved slowly as we bade farewell. The smiling faces of Gandhiji and Rajaji were never seen again.

□ □ □

*The life of self-control is not grievous but joyous when we become accustomed to it. It clears the mind; it strengthens the judgment; it elevates the character. It is the true freedom which places us above both our bodies and our minds, and so gives us the true use of them.*

—Benjamin Jowett

# ANIMALS AND SOCIETY-4

*"Down to the dirt and stench and blood of the slaughter houses went Bergh, where he found methods of butchery too horrible to describe. When he remonstrated, the bloody entrails of a carcass were flung in his face; it never changed expression as he wiped the offal from it."*

*This is a dramatic passage from Donald Culross Peattie's immortal biography of Henry Bergh, a Man of Mercy.*

*Prof. N. S. Ramaswamy, Director of the Indian Institute of Management, Bangalore, whose concluding article on "Animals and Society," we publish in this issue of the "Bhavan's Journal," is verily India's Henry Bergh.*

*Bergh it was who in the 1860s waged a relentless war in America against cruelty to animals, "watched by all, cheered by some, and fought by many."*

*It has been said that from his little one-room office at Broadway "flowed more moral power than any other spot of its size in America."*

*Bergh was not a sentimentalist about animals. Nor is Prof. Ramaswamy.*

*Bergh's historic stand on animal protection, expressed on that winter night in 1866, runs :*

*"It is a matter of pure conscience. It has no perplexing side issues. Politics have no more to do with it than astronomy. It is a solemn recognition of — the greatest attribute of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe—Mercy."*

*And this presaged the founding of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.*

*Like Bergh, Prof. Ramaswamy too feels that "it is the dignity of the human soul which suffers most when an animal is abused by man—that cruelty is even more degrading to the one who inflicts it than it is painful to the victim."*





An advanced case of yoke-gall. Constant irritation of the yoke may even lead to development of neck cancer.

—Courtesy IIM-B

**SEVENTEEN** per cent of the world's cattle and 50 per cent of the world's buffalo population are from India. Our work animal population is made up of 70 million bullocks, eight million buffaloes, one million horses, an equal number of camels, besides ponies and donkeys used as pack animals. These animals are subjected to varied forms of cruelty during their work life.

Cruelty to animals arises from many sources. They may be:

*Cruelty as a direct or indirect consequence of defective design, such as waste of draught power, the animal having to supply the deficit, vertical load incidence on the neck of the animal, rubbing of the yoke and pull-beams*

*against the skin and absence of a breaking system for the cart, etc.*

*Bad fitment between the animal and the cart resulting in overloading, overworking of animals and their consequent suffering.*

*Other factors such as constant beating, whipping and goading.*

Consequences of a bad design are two—the economic loss and suffering of the animals. It is necessary to distinguish between them because the need of kindness to work animals is well founded in economic common sense. It has been estimated that the working life of animals is reduced by nearly one-tenth to one-fifth as a result of cruelty. Assuming the resultant capital loss to be equivalent to the value





This charming bullock has developed a yoke-gall. And is yet made to work.

—Courtesy IIM-B

of one year of animal life, social costs would be of the order of Rs. 2000 crores! This is a fantastic amount by any reckoning.

Defective designing and manufacture of the cart has resulted in utilisation of just half the total energy output by the animal. Assuming that 20 million of the 80 million work animals are used to pull carts, the loss in draught effort may be around three to four million horse power. This in itself is an enormous loss and the wasted draught effort must be worth crores of rupees. Moreover, the wasted effort also shortens the animal's life.

The most important part of the traditional design is its harnessing device, the yoke being the most important member. In the traditional cart, the ani-

mal's neck forms the third point of the load. Besides the primary function of pulling carts, animals have to carry a vertical load on the neck. Studies have shown that about 50 to 60 kg. out of the combined weight of the cart and the freight rests on the animal's neck. This not only tires the animals prematurely but also has deleterious effects on their health in the long run.

The most common run of yokes is by no means smooth. As the yoke rubs and chafes the neck of the animal with every turn of the wheel, the skin tissues die off and become callous. Constant irritation also results in the formation of yoke-gall. Spot studies in one town have shown that as many as 40 per cent of the animals end up in slaughter houses well before the end of their normal working life because in this manner they become unserviceable for draft.

No language form can describe the agony of the animal which is hurt in the neck. The effort put forth by the animal under a heavy load is readily perceived. It stretches its neck, its head lowered and it exercises the head and neck up and down to produce the energy for draft. Each contact of the yoke sends a shock of pain throughout its body. One can even see it wince if he looks carefully enough.

Lack of a breaking device for the cart adds to the cruelty



inflicted upon these poor creatures. At present the animal's neck is employed to slow down the cart and stop it—a most ingenious device indeed. *The neck which is a vital part of the animal is being abused in the most outrageous way.* The animal has to strain its neck whenever the cart has to be turned sharply. They suffer greatly in the process. The milling animals present a pathetic picture on the streets.

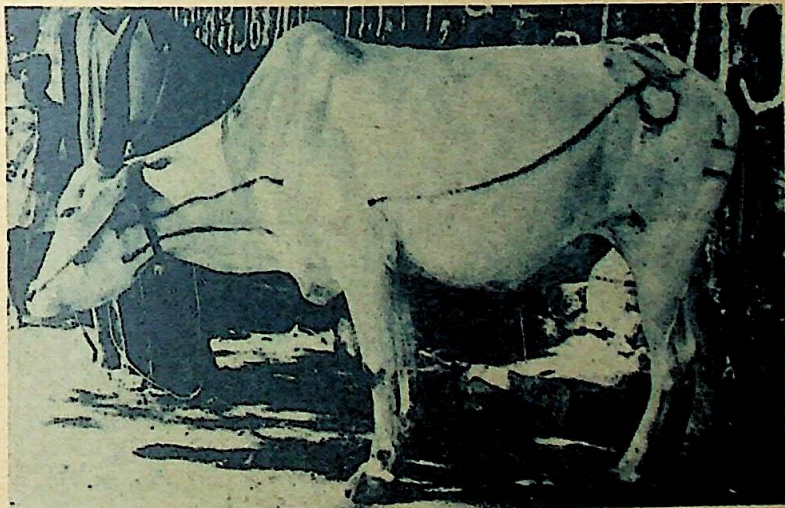
For them it is very difficult indeed to stop a traditional cart loaded with a tonne of freight and going down an incline at a speed of four miles an hour, through the exertion of their neck muscles alone. Man as-

### BULLOCKS TO THE RESCUE

According to a PTI report, the Madhya Pradesh government is contemplating plying 10,000 bullock carts with water drums to carry water to villages, in view of the deteriorating drought situation in the state.

sumes that the hump is God-given so that animals may serve him better. It would be edifying to undertake an enumeration of bullocks suffering from neck injuries all over the country.

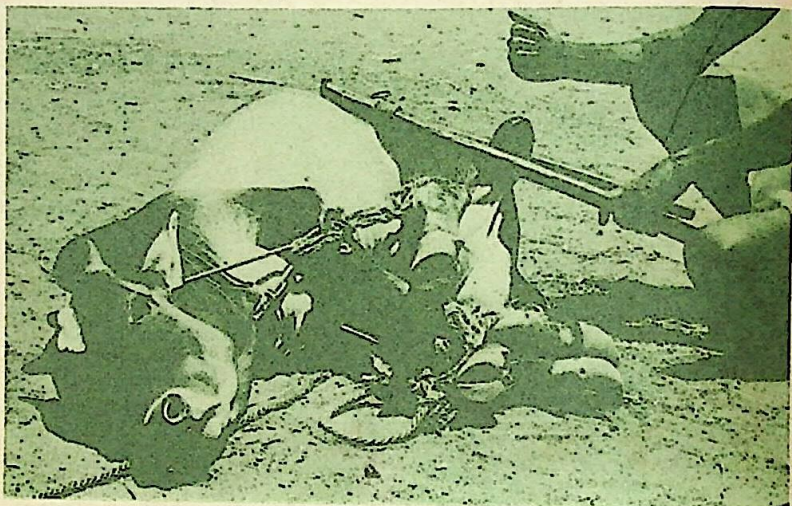
The way cattle are beaten in the normal course of work, quite irrespective of their performance defies the imagination. The cartman's hand is ever held high, ready to come down on the animal at the least provocation.



Hot iron branding marks. Hot iron branding is painful and also reduces the quality of the hide.

—Courtesy IIM-B





Castration—crude, primitive, unscientific, intensely agonizing and excruciating. Though veterinary science has progressed a great deal, this practice still goes on in some parts of India.

—Courtesy IIM-B.

This image of the carter is indelibly impressed on memory. Every day, an approximate 50 million animals are yoked to carts or to the ploughs. They get five thousand million (5,000,000,000) beatings on the basis of 100 beatings a day per animal on an average. Thus 70 million bullocks and eight million buffaloes receive 1000 crores of beatings per year in our holy land. This apart, the two pull-beams in a single bullock cart rub against the animal's sides resulting in painful open wounds.

Other forms of cruelty are used to urge the animal on faster or to pull loads heavier than they can bear. A nail fixed to the end of a stick is used to hurt

the animal. Yet another is wanton excoriation and the animal's bared skin is touched with a stick to cause pain. Twisting of the tail is well nigh universal with the result that the tails of some bullocks remain permanently disfigured. The animal was given its tail to ward off flies, but man disposes and besports himself with this perverse diversion.

Another kind of cruelty is applying a stick to the scrotal sac of the castrated animal and drivers sometimes use their toes for this purpose. This tickles the animal to the point of pain.

Here is methods study in full swing: the toes prod the scrotum, a hand twists the tail and the



other works the whip unremittingly or just a plain stick that hurts even more. It is a pitiable sight to see half-starved animals bravely lowering their manes in order to cope with their heavy burden and their eyes glazed over with a numbness to pain. When the animal falls down, chilli powder is blown into its nostrils in order to make it rise on its legs again.

Animal lovers will readily appreciate that it is more probable that a hungry man eking out a marginal existence will be more cruel to the animal than another who makes a bit more out of his cart. This point cannot be over-emphasized. Also, when he overloads the cart or presses into service sick and hungry animals, he has to use the whip far more than he would normally.

It is assumed that carters beat the animals partly to force them



A little kindness please!

—Courtesy IIM-B

### She Churns Out Records

Eva is the finest cow in the world.

And now she can milk the applause for all she is worth.

For she has produced a staggering 157 tons of milk.

This tops the previous world record, held by a heavy weight from Michigan by five tons.

Not bad for a grey-haired old moo.

Eva at 17 is the equivalent of 120 human years old, but is still as fit and daring to go as any of her 90 descendents.

She is not finished with the record books, for she is due to calve again on Christmas day.

If it is a boy, no one will get him for less than £10,000.

Eva awaits the happy event in a private box at Globe House Farm, Pocklington, York, U.K.

Farmer John Waring said, "She is not only a cow in a million, she is one of refinement and intelligence."

He swears that the secret of Eva's success is the two and a half pints of cider vinegar she guzzles every day.

When the time finally comes for eva to hand her churn, she will be buried in a green shady spot, surrounded by flowering bushes.

Mr. Waring said, "She will rest next to her mother, another great character."

"I don't care what people think. We have always been a partnership. I owe her this."

to haul loads and such treatment strains both the animal and cart capacity. Or they have to climb a steep hill or cope with a bad



To judge by the weekly essay of a recent issue of the international American newsmagazine, "TIME," the youth of America are increasingly becoming vegetarian, and even pick up quarrels with their parents on the issue. The following is an extract from the full page essay by John Leo. (TIME—November 5, 1979).

"The teenage daughter pushes meat to the side of the plate. Father asks 'why'. "I don't eat corpses, Dad," she says. "It's gross". Father reddens, flaring his nostrils. Mother rolls eyes toward ceiling. From now on there will be double dinners and double commotion at table. Another family is riven by the conflict between beef and greens.

"The scene is played out daily in thousands of homes, like ritualized combat in Kabuki drama. In one corner: the idealistic vegetarian adolescent, sturdily opposed to high cholesterol, the exploitation of animals and world hunger. In the other corner: sputtering parental carnivores, opposed to the vegetarian theology in general and its depiction of non-believers as revolting primitives....."

patch of road surface pitted with holes or congested traffic conditions. The carter also beats the animal out of boredom, sheer habit or in a fit of sadism. A drunken carter is also liable to be merciless with his animal often to no conscious purpose. He would abuse the animal and make it put on bursts of speed.

Hot iron branding and de-horning by burning the roots of

horns, crude and painful methods of castration are other cruelties that stand no justification. The Veterinary services in the country are as yet woefully inadequate. It is undeniably true that animals in our country suffer because of the inaccessibility of rudimentary Veterinary assistance to most cattle-owners.

These are not isolated instances; they take place in the presence of each of us several times on the road in the course of each day. Most of us cannot be bothered and even an SPCA-scale of voluntary effort with a modicum of support from legislating and enforcing agencies would be difficult to organise.

We, who profess compassion for animals on the authority of our scriptures in unbroken continuity—right from Vedic times—are too apathetic and insensitive to prevent the cruelty being inflicted all around us. This is a sad reflection on our value system.

In our society, the Economic Man is still more important than the Political Man or the Cultural Man. To ensure maximum profit from Carting, the owner or driver would starve the animal and overload it. Carts are manufactured in their hundreds by ill-equipped carpenters and wheel-wrights in the non-organised sector. Concepts of manufacture are crude in many ways.



The net result is that animals are put to untold and needless suffering.

All this calls for comprehensive redesigning of the conventional cart with provision of friction eliminating bearings, a breaking device, improved veterinary facilities and animal health care, new legislation and rigorous implementation of the existing ones for prevention of cruelty to animals and extensive informal education to create a

social awareness among the public to mitigate and avoid cruelty to animals.

After all, the good God did not invest poor animals with a voice to protest, and man did not give them votes to dispose of political power. It is hoped that the easy 'conscience of our countrymen can be aroused once again so that our fellow-citizens—the work-cattle who serve us so well can get a better deal.

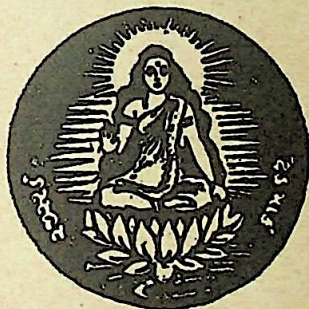
□ □ □

*Defeat is only bitter when you swallow it.*

—Ruby Folio

*Hating people is like burning down your house to get rid of a rat.*

—Harry E. Fosdick



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*The Vahanas—6*

**CHHAGA**  
the sure-  
carrier of  
the fire-g

*"Your wool is the  
giving warmth. Like  
all vegetation; you  
inaccessible heights  
you endure all changes  
carrier of the fire-g  
our homes!"*





# A -footed of god Agni

abode of fire,  
like fire, you consume  
you climb even to  
heavens with ease; and  
protects. O Chhaga,  
god Agni, protect

The goat, Chhaga, is the vehicle of the fire-god Agni. A sturdy animal, he romps and frolics on the plains. With equal ease, he leaps to great heights, climbing sure-footed along craggy mountain tops, just as the flames of fire leap up ever higher.

Chhaga, also called Aja or Immortal, is the sacrificial animal in the Yajnas, the holy rites in which Agni plays an important part. Chhaga is said to be a link between the two worlds, just as Agni is a messenger of the gods and a mediator between gods and men. Oblations offered to Agni are said to reach all the gods. Besides being the originator of the sacrificial fire, Agni warms and protects people in the form of the fire in their hearths. Similarly, Chhaga's warm wool offers protection in winter.

Agni also represents the vital spark, the element of Life in man, beast and plant. Fire purifies all it consumes, reducing everything to its primary elements, ready

for re-creation. Agni is therefore Purity, cleansing the world of evil, and he rides appropriately on Chhaga who symbolises Immortality.

The Sanskrit word 'vahana' or vehicle is used for the animals, birds and men who serve as the carriers of the gods in Hindu mythology. They are worshipped along with their presiding deities by people from all over the country. Their idols and pictures are placed in shrines and their living counterparts are provided a sanctified existence.

Accepted as a part of our cultural heritage since ancient times, the vahanas have helped create a sympathetic understanding of the animal world. Their selfless service, devotion to duty, all the ideals they stood for, have inspired our people through the ages. These have also been the inspiration behind the evolution of our operating philosophy, embedded in our policies and projected through the activities of our diversified operations.



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Navis Fine Spinning Industries, Bhavnagar, Surat



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pain and discomfort...on certain days.  
Just one Saridon is enough.

**Saridon**  
TRADE MARK **ROCHE**



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# DHRUVASVAMINIDEVI

DR. K. M. MUNSHI

*Translated by Dr. Jayana Sheth*



Dr. K. M. Munshi pioneered the rejuvenation of Gujarati drama, giving it a new direction and a new form. His plays numbering fifteen embrace mythology, society, history and fantasy. His *Dhruvasvaminidevi* is acclaimed to be the best and most representative achievement in this genre. This drama illustrates the kernel of Dr. Munshi's art.

## ACT IV

[*Time:* Midnight, four or five months later.]

[*Place:* A barren hall of the royal palace in Kusumpura.]

Three or four torches on the wooden pegs in walls dimly light the hall.

A faint cry of 'Victory to Skandagupta!' is heard at a distance. Warriors residing in the palace are heard crying 'Victory to Dhruvasvaminidevi!' Clashing of arms and clamour are also heard for some time, and then quieten down.

Harisena is fully armoured and seems to have just returned from a battle. He unties the string of

his bow and tests its elasticity by supporting it on the floor. He looks worried.

Kalidasa enters from the other side; he also looks worried and downcast.]

*Harisena:* Kalidasa, has Her Ladyship gone to bed? Because of several sleepless nights, she has lost half her weight.

*Kalidasa:* (dejectedly) After a great effort, only now she could relax and sleep. Her impatience knows no bounds.

*Harisena:* (shaking his head in dejection) My dear, who would not 'be impatient? And is it surprising if that be so? The

PLACE: Kusumpura and Ujjayini.

TIME: Between 370 and 390 A.D.

## CHARACTERS:

**Kalidasa:** A Brahmin youth of about 21: in forty years after the time of this play he is destined to write immortal works like *Raghuvamsha*, *Meghaduta*, *Shakuntala*, etc.

**Shashilekha:** Dhruvadevi's maid and Madhavi's friend.

**Madhavi:** The damsel, the intensity of love for whom is resuscitated in the *Shakuntala* and separation from whom is portrayed in the *Meghaduta*.

**Dhruvadevi:** Mahadevi (the great queen) of Ramagupta, the king of kings, and

daughter of Achyutadeva of Aryavarta.

**Chandragupta:** Parakramadeva Samudragupta's younger son and Ramagupta's younger brother whom we know as king Vikrama—the great man of the legend—as a prince.

**Ramagupta:** Parakramadeva Samudragupta's eldest son; Chakravarti (Sovereign) of Kusumpura-Pataliputra.

**Madhurika:** Greek girl in attendance on Ramagupta.

**Malika:** Greek girl in attendance on Ramagupta.

whole of Kusumpura has defected to Skandagupta's group. Food storage is running low in the royal palace, and every day someone from our side defects or is killed.

**Kalidasa:** Alas! We have now been imprisoned like this for the last twenty eight days.

**Harisena:** Blessed be Parakramadeva's foresight, that he got this sturdy palace built; otherwise long back, vultures would have formed a circular array on our bones.

**Kalidasa:** But Commander

General, what about the people defecting to Skandagupta's group every day?

**Harisena:** Brother, now our only hope is Undan's army. There is no news from him despite my messages for the last three months. Oh Lord Chakradhara (Vishnu)! Oh Lord Lakshmivallabha (Vishnu)! If only you had kept Chandragupta sane...

**Kalidasa:** Sane or insane, if only he were here...

**Dhruvadevi:** (entering) What are you two discussing?



**Dattadevi:** Parakramadeva Samudragupta's wife and mother of Ramagupta and Chandragupta.

**Undan:** Commander General of Parakramadeva and Ramagupta.

**Rohal:** Ramagupta's chief of cavalry.

**Harisena:** (originally Harishena) Son of Dhruvabhuti,, Commander, Minister of War and Peace, poet, who immortalized Samudragupta by writing his eulogy.

**Rudrasena:** A foreign king of Saurashtra, devotee of Shiva, who demolished the power built by Samudragupta by defeating Ramagupta.

**Guhasena:** Ramagupta's aide, sweet-tongued and conspiring warrior.

**Samkhyacharya:** And old *rish*,

an ascetic.

**Vatsya:** A brahmin, Parakramadeva's Minister and Ramagupta's Chief Minister on whom depended, as it was believed, the administration of the empire.

**Yajnavalkya:** The author of the best among *Smritis* (law-books), *Yajnavalkya Smriti*; that chief among yogins who indicated the path of peace and purity to the conquered world of Parakramadeva and, glazing the disciple's conquest by *dharma*, made Kusumpura the centre of learning and culture.

**Skanda:** Parakramadeva's son born of another woman, not the great queen.

**Daman:** Skanda's maternal uncle.

[Dhruvadevi looks emaciated and pale. Her eyes look large and lustrous despite sleeplessness, tension and restlessness.]

**Harisena:** (startled) My Lady, you have hardly slept. If you do not have enough sleep, how can you sustain yourself?

**Dhruvadevi:** (smiling slightly and sweetly) Harisena, when you all have entrusted to me Parakramadeva's sceptre, how can I sleep? I do not feel tired of protecting the sceptre day and night.

**Harisena:** Only because of

your inspiration, our soldiers have sustained themselves.

**Dhruvadevi:** My inspiration? No, no, I merely protect the glory of the Guptas and the perennial *dharma*, I am only an instrument to protect this position for Maharaj. Skandagupta may be the son of Parakramadeva, but not of Dattadevi. (smiling slightly) And even if Skanda burns down this palace, I will stand on its ashes and protect this sceptre till Dattadevi's son returns.

**Kalidasa:** My Lady, Maharaj



will come; he most certainly will.

*Dhruvadevi*: I too have faith.

*Harisena*: If Maharaj were here, even though insane, all Kusumpura would have been on our side. Mahadevi, people are fully dedicated to Parakramadeva and Dattadevi. If Maharaj were here, they would have gone crazy after him.

*Dhruvadevi*: Yes, (smiling) for them I alone am the sinner.

*Kalidasa*: And ironically, it is you who are protecting the glory of the Guptas. Really, unfathomable are the ways of destiny!

[A clamour is heard outside the royal palace.]

*Harisena*: (listening) Has the enemy started attacking again or what?

*Dhruvadevi*: Yes, let's go.

*Harisena*: No, my Lady, you be here. Rohal cannot miss. He must have placed soldiers carefully. Let me go and check.

*Dhruvadevi*: All right, come back soon. (Harisena leaves)  
*Kalidasa*, has Bhagavati retired to bed?

*Kalidasa*: Yes, Shashilekha is with her.

*Dhruvadevi*: And Acharyadeva?

*Kalidasa*: He is the only one among us, fearless and invincible like mount Meru and he continually meditates, if someone asks him anything, he utters only one sentence: where be *dharma*, there be victory.

*Dhruvadevi*: That master among yogins is marvellous.

*Kalidasa*, in comparison with his steady vision, eternal wisdom and irrevocable composure, we all, this kingdom, and the glory of Parakramadeva—all look trivial and transient.

*Kalidasa*: You said it. Like brisk waves, kingdoms of emperors dash against him and fall back, but that chief among mountains does not budge. Only its deep blue shade colours it with splendour and dignity.

[The clamour seems to recede.]

*Dhruvadevi*: Yes, were it not for him, our kingdom would not have been considered the kingdom of righteousness. It would have been without the glory of the Brahman. (*Kalidasa* smiles) Why do you smile?

*Kalidasa*: (smiling) My Lady, after all this trouble is over, when you rule without fear, you will see. Acharyadeva has established the kingdom of righteousness; I shall establish a kingdom of poetic flavour.

*Dhruvadevi*: (with a dejected voice) Don't be silly. I am not going to rule, and in chasing Madhavi madly, you are not going to compose any poetry.

*Kalidasa*: (smiling) Please do not say so. The madder I get for Madhavi, the swifter is the flow of my poetry.

*Dhruvadevi*: (with a smile) What are you composing at present?

*Kalidasa*: I have composed one; but I won't tell you about it now.



[The clamour outside completely stops.]

*Dhruvadevi:* (listening intently) I guess they have repelled the attack and all is quiet... (a window rattles) What is that?

*Kalidasa:* bring my sword! (somebody climbs up) Who is that? Harisena? Rohal? (draws a dagger from her waist-band).

*Kalidasa:* Harisena! Soldiers! (draws his sword)

*Ascendant:* Oh, be quiet! You will wake up the whole palace...

*Dhruvadevi:* (putting her hand on her chest) Who is it?

*Chandragupta:* It is I, My Lady!

[Jumps in from the window. He is dressed as a soldier. He carries a sword and a spear. He is covered with dust all over, but is radiant with zeal.]

*Kalidasa:* Maharaj!

*Chandragupta:* Yes, be quiet. Are you two alone here, or is anyone else around?

*Dhruvadevi:* No, we are alone. Hari...

*Chandragupta:* Keep quiet. Don't call anybody. I am tired of faking insanity, let me be sane for a while. *Kalidasa,* get me some water. (smiling) For months I have not sat on anything but horseback; let me sit on the floor for a while.

[Breathes deeply and sits on a bench. *Kalidasa* leaves to get some water.]

*Dhruvadevi:* But how did you come this way? The palace is surrounded.

*Chandragupta:* That is why I came this way. People rushed in, so I could rush too; and as I approached the fort, what could deter me? I have climbed every wall and jumped from every roof of this palace.

*Dhruvadevi:* (with joy and delight) My Kartikeya! After how many months are we meeting again! (smiles)

*Chandragupta:* (smiling) Yes, My Lady, I seem to have arrived in the nick of time.

*Dhruvadevi:* When do you not arrive in the nick of time? For the last three months we have been waiting for you like the *chataka* bird and for the last twenty-eight days we have been caged in this royal palace. We have survived only for your arrival.

*Chandragupta:* But what is all this? I came galloping post-haste as soon as I received your advice.

*Dhruvadevi:* Since you left for Malwa and I was proclaimed the queen, *Skandagupta's* maternal uncle started winning over people; and at last he drew the chief minister *Vatsya* also to his side. They all want to destroy me.

*Chandragupta:* (smiling) Let me see who destroys you! But what harm have you done to them?

*Dhruvadevi:* All of them are the protectors of *Parakramadeva's* glory. I alone am its destroyer. It is rumoured that it was I who killed *Deva*, and it



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was I who drove you to insanity.  
*Chandragupta*: (smiling) Who else did drive me to insanity?

[*Dhruvadevi* responds with a smile.]

*Kalidasa*: (entering) Maharaj, here is water for you.

*Chandragupta*: Give it to me. I have not had a drop of water for the whole day.

[Drinks.]

*Dhruvadevi*: Would you like to eat something? Shall I send for some food?

*Chandragupta*: I lose my appetite when my blood boils.

*Kalidasa*: Where is your army?

*Chandragupta*: (with a smile) You are timid! You ask about nothing else but the army. Eight days ago I left my army and turned my galloping horse on the way to Kusumpura. Undan is following me slowly. Why, is the need here very great?...

*Dhruvadevi*: Need? The royal palace will collapse any moment, everything depends on your army.

*Chandragupta*: (smiling) Am I not sufficient alone? My Lady, am I, the vanquisher of the Mahakshatraps and the lord of Surashtra, not enough?

*Dhruvadevi*: The lord of Surashtra?

*Chandragupta*: Yes, I burnt Girinagar and Vriddhanagar, and made them desolate. Funeral pyres of all sixteen sons of Rudrasena are still burning near Girinagar.

*Dhruvadevi*: (delighted) What?

Really? Parakramadeva's glory...

*Chandragupta*: Then what? I am supposed to be a mad man! Do you know, if I do not do that, Parakramadeva's horses would start crying? My Lady, now even Surashtra is part of your empire.

*Dhruvadevi*: What are you saying?

*Chandragupta*: Kalidasa, I hope, nobody is likely to come. If somebody does, let me know; I shall fake madness again.

*Kalidasa*: Nobody is likely to. Dattadevi is asleep; Acharyadeva is meditating; Harisena and other commanders are on the fort.

*Dhruvadevi*: Do you continue to fake madness?

*Chandragupta*: Yes, ask anybody other than you two. (mimicking) Mad, crazy poor Chandragupta!

*Dhruvadevi*: Now, enough of that.

*Chandragupta*: (getting up, and with seriousness) My Lady, let us not talk about it; otherwise I will really go mad.

*Dhruvadevi*: Maharaj, leave it at that, be seated. For months I have had the desire to talk to you; so far it has remained unfulfilled.

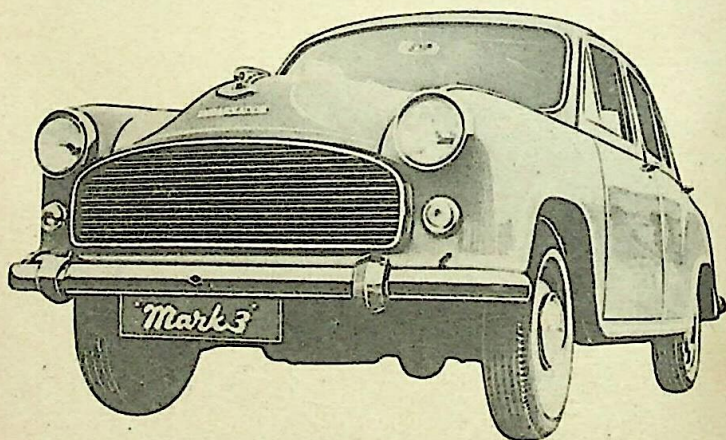
*Chandragupta*: Here I sit. (sits again) Tell me, what else is new here?

*Dhruvadevi*: (sitting down) I have told you everything. We believe the royal palace will collapse any moment, and we have taken a vow to keep the

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banner of your and Parakrama-deva's glory flying till we remain alive.

*Kalidasa*: Yes, only a minute ago my Lady told Harisena that even if this palace is burnt to ashes, she will protect the sceptre, standing on the ashes till Dattadevi's son returned.

[Abashed, Dhruvadevi looks down.]

*Chandragupta*: (becoming serious) My Lady, why for me?

*Dhruvadevi*: (smiling) Did you not conquer Surashtra for me? (both laugh and again become serious)

*Chandragupta*: (looking down) Now we have indeed become crazy.

*Dhruvadevi*: After many years, I like to utter nonsense. Who knows what will happen tomorrow! But Maharaj, you will have to wield the sceptre from tomorrow.

*Chandragupta*: (sadly) I? No, that is not possible. I am, after all, mad.

*Dhruvadevi*: (impatiently) If you do that, I too will go mad. What then?

*Chandragupta*: (smiling) Let us talk about something else. I shall have to fake madness, should someone arrive. Let me refresh myself. Let me enjoy something other than rushing and fighting. (breathes a sigh of relief) *Kalidasa*, have you composed anything new lately? Let's hear it.

*Kalidasa*: (smiling) Recently I have started composing *Kumara-*

*sambhava*.

*Chandragupta*: Let's hear it, come in. My Lady, of late, it is rare to hear even *Kalidasa*'s poetry.

*Kalidasa*: Listen then. Only a few days ago I wrote this. (clears his throat) Rati weeps after *Shankara* reduces *Kamadeva* to ashes:

One, who lived enthralled by you—

In a moment you relinquished her love

And the banks being shattered, like an ocean,

Where did you run away, leaving the lotus behind?

Nothing untoward have you done to me,

Nor have I performed the unfavourable,

Without any cause, why do you turn away

From lamenting Rati?

*Chandragupta*: Beautiful...

[Stops as he looks at *Dhruvadevi*.]

*Kalidasa*:

Once with my girdle I fastened you

For taking another's name by mistake,

Once I thrashed you with a lotus

*Smara*, what, do you still remember that?

My love, your words, 'you live in my heart' must be false,

Or else, how could Rati remain alive, when you are bodiless?

[*Kalidasa* stops to look at both

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of them. Both of them look at each other and then look down.]

Bowing your head at my feet, oh my love, in privacy you begged

For tight, throbbing, pleasant embraces—its memory makes me restless.

[Dhruvadevi looks down.]

*Kalidasa*: (looking at Chandragupta) Then Rati utters what is most appropriate only for the beloved maddened by love:

Following the purified path of fire

Let me come and reside once again in your heart,

So that the beautiful girls in the land of gods.

May not attract you.

*Chandragupta*: (clearing his throat) *Kalidasa*, enough of that. Now recite something else.

*Kalidasa*: (slyly) Something else? All right. Here are some other verses from the same poem. Listen. Parvati, rejected by Shankara, is undergoing penance; a young student recluse asks a question to which Parvati's companion replies:

The Lord of abundant prosperity, resembling Indra, the protector of the universe,

Is forsaken by the strong-willed, desiring Shankara for a husband;

By his self control he who conquered Cupid in a moment

How can he be tempted by beauty and charm?

Hearing the unbearable 'hum' sound, he who returned rejected,

The wielder of flowery arrow which could not pierce Shiva;

The same bodyless one is torturing every limb of Uma,

Upon a tender heart, deep wounds he mercilessly inflicts;

Braids of hair are rusty by the sandal-wood paste on the forehead,

The strength of the bodyless multiplies every day in every limb of her body;

And thence this girl stayed always at her father's,

But never did she acquire peace even from a cold rocky surface.

[Dhruvadevi glares at him reprimandingly.]

*Kalidasa*: My Lady, hear something about Parvati's penance:

Of Shiva's disposition does she sing songs with tender emotion,

But her voice chokes breaking the chain of words;

Hearing her songs in the woods, the Kinnara's daughter

Would shed tears with Parvati out of friendly concern.

(softly)

In the elongated nights she closes her eyes but for a moment.

Suddenly waking up, utters indistinct words,

Saying, 'Where are you going Nilakantha?' she extends her arms

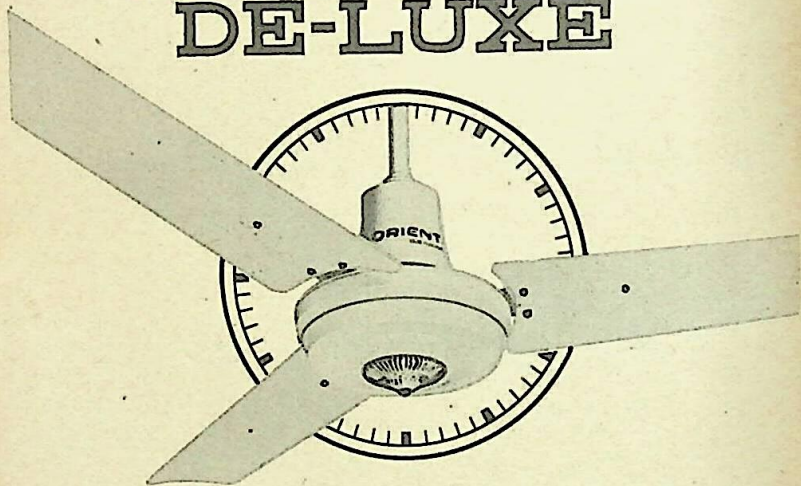
And embraces Nilakantha in imagination.

*Dhruvadevi*: (angrily) *Kalidasa*, what are you up to today?

Why do you say all this?

*Kalidasa*: (mischievously) What

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is it? What is wrong with you two today? If you are not interested in my poetry, let it be. I am leaving.

[Leaves. Both remain quiet.]

*Chandragupta*: (after a while) How is Dattadevi?

*Dhruvadevi*: (looking down) She is all right.

[Both sit silently for a while.]

*Chandragupta*: Vatsya, the chief minister, also proved to be wicked.

*Dhruvadevi*: Yes.

[Once again they both sit quietly for a while.]

*Dhruvadevi*: Don't you want to eat something?

*Chandragupta*: No.

[There is a heavy thump outside.]

*Dhruvadevi*: (startled) What is that?

*Chandragupta*: Somebody seems to have fallen off the fort.

*Dhruvadevi*: Oh.

*Chandragupta*: What are you thinking?

*Dhruvadevi*: Nothing. Why don't you say something?

*Chandragupta*: What could I say? (gets up and paces up and down) My Lady, how long shall we sit here without a word?

*Dhruvadevi*: What else could we do? (yawns)

*Chandragupta*: Do you feel sleepy?

*Dhruvadevi*: No.

[Both sit quietly again.]

*Chandragupta*: My Lady, for the first time in life we are by ourselves today; and I have so

much to say, but I know not how.

*Dhruvadevi*: Maharaj... (cracking) Maharaj...

*Chandragupta*: (startled) What is it? (softening the voice) My Lady!

*Dhruvadevi*: (scared, looks down) Maharaj, in life often do I feel...

*Chandragupta*: (gets up and sits by her side, clenching his teeth) I become desperate too.

*Dhruvadevi*: Should we continually bear the burden of Parakramadeva's glory and Yajnavalkya's dharma?

*Chandragupta*: (sadly) Yes... for the whole life.

[Both sit quietly.]

*Chandragupta*: *Dhruvadevi*!

*Dhruvadevi*: Maharaj!

*Chandragupta*: (clenching his teeth, gets up) My Lady, we must not remain thus in privacy.

*Dhruvadevi*: (cracking) Maharaj, for my whole life, I aspired for... bore separation... and...

[Bangs her hand.]

*Chandragupta*: (strikes his forehead) Fate! Fate! Devi, come on, let's go.

*Dhruvadevi*: Go? ... (looking with luster in her eyes) Tomorrow will dawn and the world will not let us sit like this.

*Chandragupta*: Yes, and tomorrow morning our heads will not be on our shoulders either...

[Once again they both remain silent for a while.]

*Dhruvadevi*: Whether we live or die is immaterial with such

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meaningless life. (places her hand on her head)

*Chandragupta*: (staring at the ground) We have to torture ourselves for glory and victory...

*Dhruvadevi*: (in a pleading voice) Maharaj!

*Chandragupta*: Swans in the pond and pigeons on the roof are more fortunate than we are.

*Dhruvadevi*: (looks around) How peaceful it is!

*Chandragupta*: (extending his arms a little) Devi!

*Dhruvadevi*: Oh Lakshmiapati (Vishnu), what is the future?

*Chandragupta*: Oh Vishnu, when shall we be free from all this?

[Gets up and walks around.]

*Dhruvadevi*: Maharaj, Maharaj, come here and sit. (puts her hand on her head) I am feeling dizzy. I am going crazy, Maharaj!

*Chandragupta*: (struggling to maintain balance) Devi, be kind, please do not ask me to come near you.

*Dhruvadevi*: Maharaj, for how long should we remain apart this way? For how long? Fettered by the chains of glory and *dharma*...

*Chandragupta*: Yes, fettered—fettered! We have to live for others, for a mirage! (losing patience) Devi!

*Dhruvadevi*: My Kartikeya!

[Goes closer.]

*Chandragupta*: (moves away) Don't come closer! Ancestral glory and Acharya's teachings

are on the verge of collapse!

*Dhruvadevi*: Let them...

[Both get closer, are about to hold each other, but move away.]

*Kalidasa*: (entering, to himself) Oh! Why on earth should I be intruding?

[Stands on the side.]

*Dhruvadevi*: Maharaj, we are the pillars of *dharmarajya*...

*Chandragupta*: (clenching his teeth) Yes. (turns back) Yes, glory, family, and *dharma*—Yes, my veins are throbbing as though I am delirious... Like inflamed fire you are burning me within... Oh, it is all undesirable! ... (clenching his teeth) Where be *dharma*, there be victory: that's the creed of the Gupta family.

[Looks down.]

*Dhruvadevi*: At least, look up.

*Chandragupta*: *Dhruvadevi*, how can I look up? I can't take what my heart pines for. Can't give what I desire to... Mere dry shells of *dharma* and glory...

*Dhruvadevi*: Why are they all created? If all should vanish, day and night, happiness and misery, good and evil... and only...

*Chandragupta*: *Dhruvadevi*, if somebody with his magic wand would make this entire world disappear and cover the sky, and we be surrounded by impregnable privacy for eternity, we would not even care to look at this world...

*Dhruvadevi*: Wish we could realize our dreams in this life.

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[Extends her hand. Chandragupta moves back.]

*Kalidasa*: (to himself) Oh Lord Kamadeva!

*Chandragupta*: (covering his eyes) My Lady, let it be, let it be. We are dreaming, we have gone mad.

*Dhruvadevi*: Yes, we have gone mad.

*Chandragupta*: My Lady, where be *dharma*, there be victory!

*Dhruvadevi*: (sighs) I know it.

*Chandragupta*: I can't bear this. I can't remain here, my Lady!

[Covers his eyes.]

*Dhruvadevi*: Oh Kamalavallabha (Vishnu)!

[Sits down and sobs. Kalidasa goes away. A clamour is heard outside the palace gate as if the enemy has attacked. There is an uproar inside the palace too.]

*Dhruvadevi*: What could it be, Maharaj?

*Chandragupta*: People outside seem to be breaking the palace gate. From the noises, I believe three elephants are straining to break the gates open ... We are done for!

*Dhruvadevi*: (scared) Why?

*Chandragupta*: These gates will not be able to resist so much pressure. (a loud sound) The gates seem to have begun to break.

[Turns to go.]

*Dhruvadevi*: Maharaj, where are you going?

[Another loud sound and screaming are heard outside.]

*Chandragupta*: Where? On the fort, of course. ...

[Looks around on all sides.]

*Dhruvadevi*: (coming closer) What will happen to us, if Skandagupta captures the palace?

*Chandragupta*: Nothing will happen my Lady, keep courage.

*Dhruvadevi*: (imploring) Maharaj, I kept courage so far, now I cannot any more. Maharaj, please don't go. (more clamour and uproar are heard outside) Maharaj, I earnestly request you, please hide yourself. These people are thirsty for my blood. Let me die alone. Their fanaticism will subside with my death.

*Chandragupta*: My Lady, what are you saying? Am I going to save my life at the cost of yours? My Lady, how can you say so? My blood will perish, but yours must not even be touched. Death is like a straw for a hero. Don't worry. Let me go. What are these kids going to do to me?

[An extremely loud noise is heard outside, and by the sound it appears that the gates have been broken open. Chandragupta tries to leave. Dhruvadevi holds him by his hand.]

*Dhruvadevi*: No, Maharaj, my Lord!

[Picks up a dagger lying on the bench.]

*Chandragupta*: Why?

*Dhruvadevi*: Suppose something should happen to you—then

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(comes closer, with throbbing heart) I want to lie on your funeral pyre.

*Chandragupta*: (in a hurry to leave) These people seem to have entered the palace. ... Let me go, my Lady! ...

*Dhruvadevi*: Then my Lord, take me along. If we did not find a priest who would unite us in this life, than Yama will unite us in death. Let us both go out, let us die or let us run away crossing over the bridge of cadavers.

[People are heard coming up the staircase.]

*Chandragupta*: No. See, the enemies seem to be coming up the main stairs. ... (the sound is heard nearer) They are coming up. My Lady, (his face becomes fierce) come over on this side, here. Let me see who touches the honour of the Gupta Queen! (Kalidasa comes in with Madhavasena and Dattadevi) Who, Bhagavati?

*Dattadevi*: Who, my son? How come you are here at this time? My dearest son, the palace is captured, your enemies are approaching. How did you get here at this time?

*Chandragupta*: (with pride) Bhagavati, you speak thus? The queen of the one of unbeatable prowess of the deadly axe; you have grown old having seen one thousand battle, how come you are scared?

*Dattadevi*: (joyfully) My son, are you sane again?

*Chandragupta*: I am mad. ... I am overpowered with the craze to save the glory of Parakramadeva. Let me see who can touch us in the palace of Parakramadeva and still go alive. Revered mother, Bhagavati, Parakramadeva's horses are ferocious, they are neighing, they have embarked on a conquest.

*Dattadevi*: (dejected) He is still mad!

*Kalidasa*: Maharaj, they will soon be here. Let us go on the other side.

*Harisena*: (comes running. He is wounded) My Lady... Who Maharaj? Maharaj, we have lost everything... all our men are killed. Skandagupta and Vatsya will soon arrive. Let us run away.

[The hall door is pushed from outside.]

*Chandragupta*: Harisena, son of Dhruvabhuti, you too are scared. Give me your axe. Don't worry. I am going to open the door. Parakramadeva's son will offer them a befitting welcome.

*Dhruvadevi*: (pleading with tearful eyes, looks at Chandragupt) My Lord!

[Everybody is startled.]

*Chandragupta*: Bhagavati, you are an elder. Harisena and Kalidasa, you are brahmins. We





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two are mad. We were going to die together ... so that our marriage can be solemnized by Yama in the other world. Before I open this door, will you officiate our marriage in this life?

*Dattadevi*: (amazed) Chandra!

*Chandragupta*: Bhagavati, do not worry. Please forgive us, if you consider it sacrilegious. What do you say Harisena, Kalidasa?

*Harisena*: Maharaj, but at this moment...

*Chandragupta*: Harisena, I command you.

*Kalidasa*: (wiping his tears) My Lady, I shall perform the marriage ceremony. If *dharma* (law) disapproves of it, let it be so. The law of love has accepted your marriage for a long time.

*Yajnavalkya*: (entering peacefully) What does *dharma* disapprove?

[People outside push the door vigorously.]

*Chandragupta*: Who, Acharyadeva? (bowing low) Welcome. Please perform our marriage. I want to open these doors to welcome Yama.

*Dhruvadevi*: (folding her hands) If I have to die, I wish to die as Maharaj's wife.

*Kalidasa*: (assertively) If your *dharma* disapproves this, tell me, so that I can solemnize the marriage.

*Yajnavalkya*: Children, *dharma* and ethics both will accept your marriage. All the three, *Atharva Angirasa*, *Kautilya* and *Yajnavalkya Smriti*—all these concur on this. The son of *Dharmaditya*, and the daughter of *Achyutadeva* (joining their hands).

May you be pleasing to father-in-law,

May you be pleasing to mother-in-law,

May you be pleasing to sister-in-law,

May you greatly please brother-in-law.

Children, may you live long and be happy.

[From outside people vigorously push shaking the doors.]

*Chandragupta*: (proudly turning to the door) And now Acharyadeva, Bhagavati and Devi, let us see who craves to meet Parakramadeva's son! Harisena, let me have your axe. (takes the axe, goes to the door—and instantly opens the doors. Skanda, Vatsya and others who were trying to break open doors, rush in. Chandragupta looks at them with dignity. In a fierce voice) Skanda, Vatsya, Damana, why have you come? Who taught you such manners to approach the conquerors of the world?

*Vatsya*: (startled and embarrassed) Maharaj!

*Chandragupta*: (laughing with authority) Harisena, Comman-



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der General, the Chief Minister has grown old. He does not see who he is talking to. You are talking to the king of kings, Chandragupta, the great Bhagavata. And Skanda, you fool, where did you get this idea? You all dare attack the palace of the great Bhagavatas?

[glares angrily.]

*Skanda:* (trembling) Maharaj!

*Harisena:* Maharajadhiraj.

*Damana:* (insolently stepping forward) We want that woman—destroyer of the family...

*Chandragupta:* Beware! Damana, if you utter a single word against my great queen Dhruvasvaminidevi, you will lose your head, understood?

*Vatsya:* (confused, looks around) Your great queen...

*Chandragupta:* Chief Minister, Acharyadeva solemnized our marriage just now. (addressing some citizens who are trying to peep through the door) And you all, come on in. My heroic men, citizens, announce 'Victory to unbeatable prowess of Samudragupta.' I will give you news regarding Surashtra. Our army has totally destroyed the family of the Shaka king. The victory banner of the great Bhagavata is unfurled in Surashtra; the victorious Magadhan army led by Commander General Undan, is arriving. Go and welcome them; from tomorrow we I and Dhruvasvaminidevi

will be ruling the world... (everybody is silent) Speak up. Skanda, Vatsya, Damana... heroes, here I stand... alone... without arms (throws away his weapons) I am going to announce victory to Parakramadeva. What have you to say?... (everybody is quiet) "Victory to Parakramadeva" (almost all join the cry).

*Harisena:* And say: "Victory to the king of kings, the great Lord Shri Chandragupta!" "Victory to the great Queen Dhruvasvaminidevi!"

[Vatsya, Skanda and Damana keep staring.]

*People:* "Victory to Maharaj Chandragupta and Dhruvasvaminidevi!"

*Dattadevi:* (proudly) And my sons, proclaim to the world that a redeemer of the Guptas is born today.

*Dhruvadevi:* And today the Sun of valour has arisen.

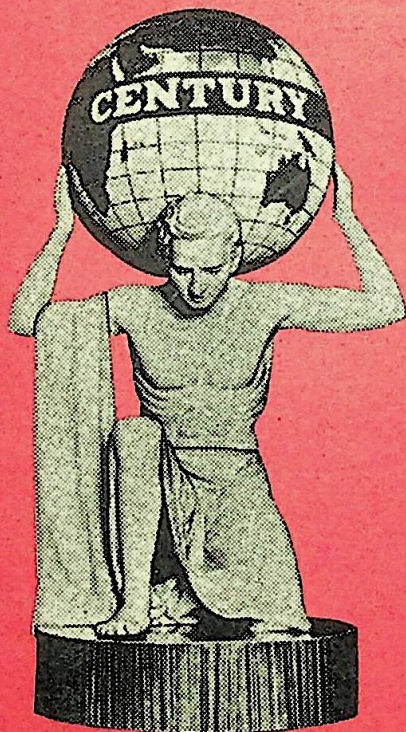
*Chandragupta:* And spread the victory cry in the world: "Where be *dharma*, there be victory"... and Acharyadeva, please bless me and Devi.

[Chandragupta and Dhruvadevi bow down to Yajnavalkya.]

*Yajnavalkya:* (extending his arms) The blessing that I gave your father once, today again, I am giving you: In the land where Krishna is the king, may you spread *dharma*.

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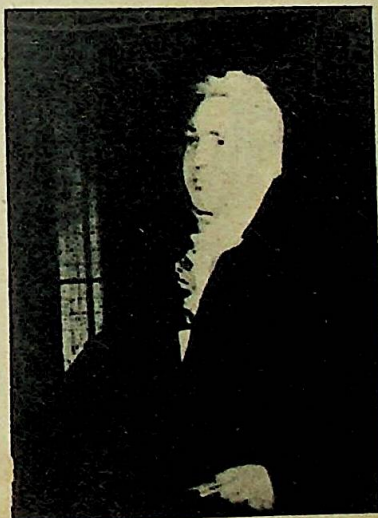
# *In the Nightmare of the Dark*

A. V. ASHOK

**THE MORNING POST** of

October 4, 1802 contained a poem of Coleridge (1772-1834) entitled "Dejection: An Ode."

It was a poem that described an affliction of the deeper reaches of the inner being. The word 'Dejection' as used by Coleridge has nothing in common with the 'Dejection' of common parlance. By 'Dejection' Coleridge meant a forlorn state of the inner being precipitated by the loss of the ability to apprehend the exquisite lineaments of Nature's beauty and commune with the primal Reality that lies behind the show of sense-phenomena. To Coleridge, an indispensable precondition for the operation of this visionary faculty (Imagination), was a state of inner harmony



S. T. Coleridge

that he called "Joy." Coleridge's term for man's relation to Nature

and the trans-sensory Reality was the "one Life." Without "Joy" the exercise of the Imagination and its reward of intimations of the "one Life" was an impossibility. The inability to apprehend the "one Life" or the inability to be related to Nature and something of "higher worth" beyond, caused Coleridge to slump into dejection. Dejection to Coleridge was loss of "Joy".

In 1895 Coleridge married Sarah Fricker. This marriage proved unsuccessful and in 1899 he grew into a love for Sara Hutchinson (whose sister later became Wordsworth's wife). The unhappiness stemming from marital incompatibility, the guilt of his love for Sara Hutchinson and a host of other worries, crowded upon Coleridge and so upset his poise as to cause him to lose "Joy." Delinked consequently from Nature and the Beyond, Coleridge succumbed to the non-relational horrors of Dejection. It was while lost in "A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,

A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,

Which finds no natural outlet,  
no relief,

In word, or sigh, or tear" that Coleridge wrote a long letter in verse addressed to Sara Hutchinson, the shortened and less private version of which was published in the *Morning Post*.

In 'Dejection: An Ode' Coleridge extols the axial value of "Joy":

"Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power

Which, wedding Nature to us,  
gives in dower

A new Earth and new Heaven." He laments the loss of "What nature gave me at my birth,

My shaping spirit of Imagination", and describes his vain attempts to "connect" with "outward forms."

"O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,

Have I been gazing on the western sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow green:

And still I gaze and with how blank an eye!"

One evening in the autumn of 1819, Shelley (1792-1822) was strolling through a wood on the banks of the Arno near Florence, overcome by a gloom resulting from an awareness of a suspension of his creative faculty. Despair-stricken and crying for release from the apathy of inactive creativity, Shelley encountered the awesome spectacle of the West Wind vehemently scattering leaves and seeds and feverishly congregating rain clouds in the darkening sky. What struck Shelley instantly was how dutiful the West Wind was



to its role, how much it accomplished, and how, unlike the West Wind he as a poet was divorced from his role as a dispenser of vision and without accomplishments to his credit. The West Wind was busily dynamic while Shelley was immobilized in stasis. Shelley was naturally let to see in the active West Wind a fit symbol for the creative dynamism that he yearned for. He raised a petitionary prayer ('Ode to the West Wind') to the "WILD West Wind" to be the agent of his recovery from inner inertia to creative flare. As the West Wind blew through the branches of the Florentine forest it produced, to the envy of Shelley, "mighty harmonies." Painfully conscious that without the inspirational West Wind he would be a mute lyre (Sweet tunes issue out when a breeze blows through a lyre. Similarly, at the onset of inspiration, the poet's mind creates songs), Shelley exhorted the West Wind to revive him into creativity: "Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is."

Shelley's petitionary poem ends with the assertion that should the West Wind respond to his call for renovative assistance, his recovery into refreshing creative bloom from a dark state of inner torpor is as much certain as Spring dawning upon the heels of winter: "O Wind



P. B. Shelley

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

In 1884, the Jesuit priest-poet Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-89) became Professor of Greek Literature at University College, Dublin. The remaining five years of his brief life were a bitter period of terrifying inner turmoil. During all the years of his noviciate and his stint as a preacher, Hopkins had revelled in an ecstatic sacramental vision of Nature. Hopkins found in Nature, "The word, expression and news of God." He exclaimed: "The world is charged with the glory of God." But during the Dublin-years, Hopkins was overtaken by a dark crisis of a feeling of desertion by God. It was a prolonged desolate "dark



G. M. Hopkins

night":

"I wake and feel the fell of dark,  
not day

What hours. O what black  
hours we have spent

This night! what sights you,  
heart, saw; ways you went!

And more must, in yet longer  
light's delay." This privation  
seemed a pain-ridden macabre  
nightmare:

"But ah, but O thou terrible,  
why wouldst thou rude on me  
Thy wring-world right foot rock?  
Lay a lionlimb against me?  
scan

With darksome devouring eyes  
my bruised bones? and fan

O in turns of tempest, me  
heaped there; me frantic to avoid  
thee and flee?"

The arsenal of darkness

seemed to have exhausted all its  
torments on Hopkins: "No  
worst, there is none. Pitched  
past pitch of grief ..." As an  
Englishman, Hopkins felt an out-  
sider in Ireland: "To seem the  
stranger lies my lot, my life  
Among strangers."

The outer world thus offered no  
solace. But the world of his  
mind was no compensatory  
haven:

"O the mind, mind has moun-  
tains; cliffs of fall

Frightful, sheer, no-man-fa-  
thomed." Hopkins was utterly  
lost in an outpost of pain, an  
exile from God:

"I am gall, I am heartburn.  
God's most deep decree.

Bitter would have me taste."

The ability to proclaim, "All  
things counter, original, spare,  
strange

Whatever is fickle, freckled  
(who knows how?)

With swift, slow; sweet, sour;  
adazzle, dim;

He fathers forth whose beauty  
is past change;

Praise him" became a relic of  
the past and his poetic creativity  
consecrated to the glory of God  
became barren. Hopkins wept  
for redemption:

"Birds build-but not I build;  
no, but strain,

Time's eunuch, and not breed  
one work that wakes,

Mine, O thou lord of life, send  
my roots rain." □ □ □



# THOUGHT FOR THE FORTNIGHT

## The Planchette Addicts

SAVITRIBAI KHANOLKAR

**RARE** are the boarders in high school and colleges who haven't been exposed to this craze of planchettes—a perennial pastime and addiction of students.

They profess publicity not because they believe in it but privately do so. Another version of the sophisticated planchette is what has come to be known as the “Stove Jyotisham.”

There was a time when people of all walks of life dabbled in planchette. Out of breath college girls, stammering with excitement, would announce to their friends that they just had a most intimate talk with, of all people, Adolf Hitler! If it isn't he, then it must have been no lesser a personality than Napo-

leon Bonaparte! What fascinates people is the very thought that they actually did contact the illustrious. More than this, they believe the spirits to be able to predict the future most accurately.

It is utterly unlikely that other-worldly celebrities occupy themselves in entertaining a bunch of college girls or boys, answering their personal questions and lavishing vague predictions on all present.

There are two sides to this problem. The first is that the whole thing is sheer humbug, and the result of wishful thinking among the participants. The other is that even granting that spirits are available for being hooked in, it is safer and better to leave the other world alone.

Treat  
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**HADENSA**  
 ointment  
 -avoid surgery!

If we were meant to intermix and continue relations with the dead, we would have been born, all of us, with that sixth sense. But one can well picture oneself the mess our lives would be in!

Sometimes some persons are so aggrieved by the loss of a loved one that they approach mediums to help them contact him or her. If that gives reassurance, well and good, but we are told that today's real mediums are as rare as a pearl in a thousand oysters.

So we should best accept the facts and relent from disturbing the souls that are no more embodied. It neither helps us nor them.

□□□

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# SALVADOR DALI

—the doyen of surrealism

V. K. SUBRAMANIAN

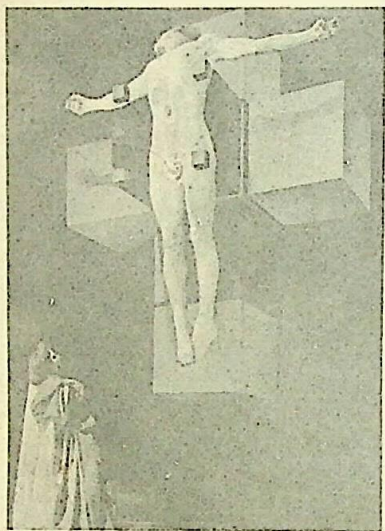
**A** *LL men are equal in their madness,*” is a famous statement of Salvador Dali, the world’s best known living painter, who has tried every form of innovation in his paintings: from the grotesque to the weird, the lurid to the ludicrous. He has been described as the *Enfant Terrible* of Surrealism.

What exactly is Surrealism? The Encyclopaedia Britannica refers to it as “a widespread revolutionary movement in the arts, promoted by the poet Andre’ Breton” and defines it as “an assertion of the belief that the world of the unconscious mind—as expressed by Fantasies and

Dreams—has a reality superior to that of the phenomenal world.”

Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, probed the unconscious mind for the ultimate truth of human behaviour. Similarly the Surrealists sought to penetrate the depths of human personality to tap the inexhaustible sources of the imagination.

Andre Breton has defined Surrealism thus: “Pure Psychic Automatism, by which it is intended to express, whether verbally or in writing, or in any other way, the real process of thought. It is the dictation of thought, free from any control



**Crucifixion (Corpus Hypercubus)**  
(Metropolitan Museum of Art,  
New York)

by the reason and of any aesthetic or moral preoccupation."

Surrealism is a French word, with the literal meaning: "Super-Reality." By the fusion of Fantasies and Dreams with the realities of the phenomenal world, the Surrealists seek to create a "Super-Reality."

Symbols form an important element of Surrealist expression, and often these symbols are Freudian in character and sexual in import. The tools of Surrealist art are: incongruous objects irrationally juxtaposed, capricious creatures in cool composition, unexpected colour effects and all that heightens an eerie effect on

the viewer and evoke a sense of unreality, fantasy and the dream-world.

Salvador Dali is a typical representative of Surrealist Painters, the other great names being: Marcel Duchamp, Joan Miro, Max Ernst, Giorgio De Chirico and Paul Klee.

The world which Dali creates in his paintings is a "tortured world, perpetually a prey to the upheavals of cruel gestation and fecund destruction." According to Marcel Brion, 'It is an overwhelming testimony of the character of our age with its perpetual conflict between its aspirations and the forces which rend it as under... The painstaking precision with which he paints, render his ferocious allegories still more obsessive... He is one of the rare painters of our day to have a real sense of the sacred. He is one of the most authentic visionaries of our age.'

Salvador Dali was born on May 11, 1904, in Figueras, Catalonia, Spain, the son of a Notary. He did his schooling in Madrid. Even from the age of seven he began to draw and paint with great originality. In 1925 he had his first one-man show in Barcelona. On the suggestion of Picasso, Dali went to Paris in 1927 and joined the Surrealist movement. His works began to be popular and were exhibited throughout Europe.

Returning to Spain he married



a Russian named Helen Diakanoﬀ Eluard, whom he began to call lovingly Gala. His wife became a great source of help to him. Dali called her "the bee that brings the honey of inspiration."

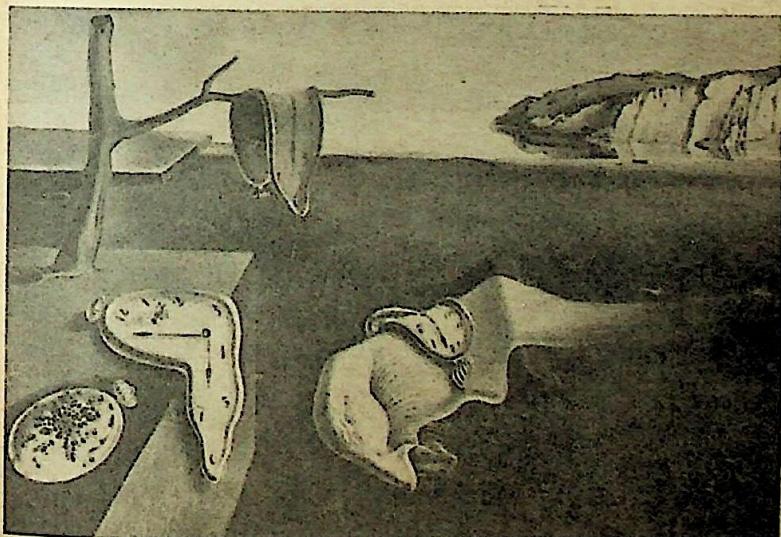
In 1940, Dali and Gala went to America. In 1941, a retrospective exhibition of his paintings was arranged at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. In 1942, he published his autobiography: "Secret Life of Salvador Dali."

Dali's haunting dreamscapes became popular. In the words of George Kent, "Their diamond-sharp images and hypnotic perspectives distilled a bizarre

poetry. His paintings had a compelling trance-like quality: washed by a cold stellar light, they seemed to obey a mysterious logic that flowed from another universe."

Most of the world's major galleries and many private collections possess Dali's works. In Spain there is an exclusive museum containing only Dali's paintings. There is a similar museum in Cleveland, USA, being the collections of Mr. Reynolds Morse, who used to buy Dali's paintings when he was hard up.

Among his most famous works are: *The Persistence of Memory* (in the Museum of Modern Art,



**The Persistence of Memory (Museum of Modern Art, New York)**

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As a critic saucily put it, "In all his works, one can see Dali's penchants, peccadilloes and pre-occupations, deliquescent torsos, mummified pinups, elite vermin, messy mesas, crotches that become crutches, faces that become places, skins that become violins- the whole pinball-and-putrescence paradise that is the mind of Salvador Dali." In all of them he has given tangible form to dreams.

Salvador Dali has been accused of an inordinate love of money, rank exhibitionism and an inflated super ego. It is true that, from his childhood he has sought attention on himself by melodramatic means. But despite his eccentric frolics, Dali remains one of the great creative geniuses of our era.

New York), *Crucifixion (Corpus Hyber Cubus)* in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, *Christ of St. John of the Cross* (in the Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum), *Meditation on a Harp* (Cleveland Collection of Mr. Morse) and *Mae West* (Art Institute, Chicago), *The Burning Giraffe* (Kunstmuseum, Basle) Etc.

The Soft Watches of *The Persistence of Memory*, a typical Dali creation, have become so famous all over the world that the moment Dali's name is mentioned, "The Soft Watches" automatically come to one's mind.

Behind the external facade of an inflated ego one can discover his true modesty in his famous remark: "The secret, the best kept secret is that the most famous Painter in the world, which I am, does not yet know how to go about painting. Oh! if I were not afraid of painting!"

An inexhaustible imagination, perfect craftsmanship, and refined execution mark the dreamworld creations of Dali and make cameos of charm, wonder and fantasy.

□ □ □



# A Touch of Humour



IT was August 15, 1978. I spent the whole day reading books and periodicals. Gradually the shadows outside began to lengthen and darkness was slowly descending when a bright idea hit me.

Instead of switching on the electric lights—my wife was never tired of telling me the need for economising on electricity especially after the recent upping of the tariff rates—I lighted a few candles and keeping them on my table, went on reading.

My wife who had gone on an outing returned with our daughter and seeing me, a wreckless expender of electricity, reading under candlelight, first lit the brass lamp in the Pooja room, then all the available hurricane lamps in the home, and began preparing the evening meal.

When I asked my daughter to switch on the radio, she nearly chided me for my absent-mindedness.

Then descended on my home



a few neighbouring housewives. Seeing my wife struggling with the sooty hurricane lamps, one of them ironically commented whether the use of kerosene lamps meant so much of saving in the days of electricity.

As my wife stood wondering, one of the visitors switched on the light that revealed my wife's utter embarrassment at the practical joke I had played on her!

—V. S. Raman,  
Kolhapur.

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*And their Branches.*





## RECALLING A GOOD DEED...

IT happened last year when I accompanied my son to Golconda in Andhra Pradesh where he had to join in the Kendriya Vidyalaya as a teacher.

It was his maiden journey from Kerala to Golconda. Reaching Golconda we called at the office of the Principal who received us cordially. He enquired whether my son intended to join forthwith or wait for the next day. Being told of our desire to join immediately, he scrutinised the certificates and testimonials and admitted him in the forenoon itself.

I was much relieved to note that the matter was speedily disposed and did not get protracted as is generally the case in most of the government offices of our country.

I next posed my real problem, the problem of my son's accommodation. The topography clearly indicated that the locality was an upcountry devoid of modern facilities like lodges and

boarding houses. The Principal probably sensing my uneasiness declared that it was not difficult.

Pointing to his office clerk standing nearby he said: "This young man comes from Madurai, the southernmost part of India. There are also teachers from Kerala who live in their own lodge. Your son can choose the one he likes; moreover, I shall be his local guardian also".

My joy knew no bounds and on my return journey I could not help soliloquizing: "Here is a gentleman who has a holy mythological term for his name — 'Rameshwaram' who embodies the true spirit of India, a rare gift which we seldom see in our country rift with provincialism, communalism and linguism. I wish we had more 'Rameshwarams' in places of authority in India so that our country could be more contented and a better place to live in."

*M. K. Achuthan, Calicut.*

**JUST RELEASED !****GOSPEL OF SWAMI RAMDAS***Recorded By***Swami Satchidananda**

(Demy Octavo, pp. 874, Printed on Superior Map Litho Paper, full cloth-bound with a well-designed laminated jacket)

**Price Rs. 95/-**

Swami Satchidananda had the rare privilege of living in close contact with the great saint, Swami Ramdas, the Founder of Anandashram at Kanhangad in Kerala, for nearly three decades. This proximity to a noble soul inspired him to record many memorable events and conversations of Swamiji with various important personages. His legion of devotees and readers can thus have a complete picture of the activities of this great man, apart from knowing his thoughts on subjects that matter the most for a fuller understanding of the saint's life.

Swami Ramdas did not belong to any particular creed. He firmly believed that all creeds, faiths and religions are but different paths ultimately converging on the same goal. The large number of events chronicled in this Gospel of his life will bear full testimony to this.

The incidents and the conversations were recorded on the days of their occurrences by the learned author, himself an inmate of the Anandashram for the past 30 years and at present the Managing Trustee thereof.

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## VIPS VISIT UK CENTRE

AMONG the distinguished visitors to Bhavan's U.K. Centre in recent months were Shri Y. V. Chandrachud, Chief Justice of India, who was accompanied by Smt. Chandrachud, Shri S. N. Mishra, Union Minister for External Affairs, Shri T. Sabhanayakam, Secretary to the Union Ministry of Education and Shri Justice V. R. Krishna Iyer of the Supreme Court.

All of them were very much impressed by the activities of the Centre and spoke highly of the Bhavan.

The Chief Justice said that Bhavan was the only institution he visited during his first ever visit to the U. K. with his wife. Shri Mishra said that of all places he visited in U.K., he liked the Bhavan most. Shri Palkhiwala emphasised the need for Governmental aid to the Bhavan. Shri Vinayakam expressed appreciation of the Bhavan's work.

## SISTER NIVEDITA JAYANTI CELEBRATED

SISTER NIVEDITA found in Hindu culture an all-embracing system of thought which proclaimed to the world the basic unity of all religions or Sarvadharmā Samābhava, pointed out Shri Suryanarayana Rao, Provincial Organizer of Rashtriya Swamsevaka Sangh, Tamil Nadu.

He was addressing the Sister Nivedita Jayanti celebrations organized by Sister Nivedita Academy at Madras on October 28, under the presidentship of Swami Kamalatmananda of Sri Ramakrishna Math, Madras.

Shri Rao said that Sister Nivedita never felt shy of proclaiming herself a Hindu and she even stressed that Hindus should assert themselves in their own country. Quoting from "Aggressive Hinduism", a work by Nivedita, he pointed out that the nationalism of this country was rooted

## NOTES & NEWS

firmly in the age-old culture and heritage of this land and any attempt to uproot it would destroy the very national edifice.

Swami Kamalatmananda threw light on inspiring moments in the life of Sister Nivedita and said true to her name, she consecrated her whole life for the service of this holy land, for its emancipation from the clutches of alien rule as well as influences, and to proclaim to the world the glory that is Ind. She had a special message to the youth of India whom she called upon to shun narrow outlook and selfish desires and work for the uplift of the poor and downtrodden in the country.

Earlier, Shri V. Rangarajan, Director of the Academy, welcoming the gathering, said that the institution was set up to perpetuate the memory of the "dedicated one" who gave everything she had for the sake of India. At a time when people were slowly forgetting the great



souls who had laid down their precious lives for the sake of the motherland, the Academy was endeavouring to bring back to the memory of our people, the pageant of those great lives and once again inspire the people with their thoughts which are as relevant today as they were in their own days.

Smt. Bharati Rangarajan proposed a vote of thanks. The function began with a prayer song rendered by Kumari Amuktamalyata and concluded with 'Vande Mataram' sung by Sri Bhaskaradas.

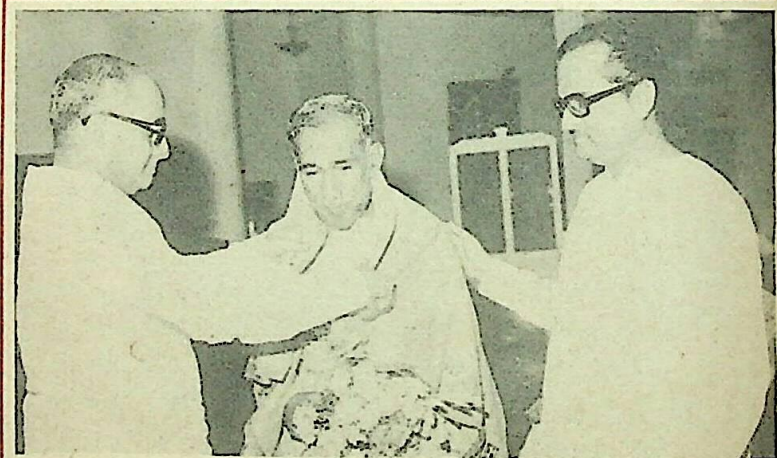
### **"SANJIVANI" PROVIDES RELIEF TO MORVI FLOOD VICTIMS**

THE Sanjivani Trust, Bombay, has under its "Self Employed Sectors

Project," provided much practical assistance to the flood victims of Morvi, to rehabilitate themselves. To various classes of traders and artisans such as handcart pullers, tailors, carpenters, cobblers, small hoteliers, photographers, etc. numbering over 1200, the Trust has given tools and implements.

Some 700 school students and 550 college students were given text books and note books, while some teachers were given financial help.

The market which was destroyed will be reconstructed with 35 cement-concrete shops at an estimated cost of Rs. 1,75,000. The subsidy provided by the Government to repair damaged houses has been supplemented in many cases where the



An affectionate farewell was given in Bombay on October 31, 1979 to Khan Saheb Abdul Hameed Khan who retired after serving the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Bharatiya Sangit and Nartan Shikshapith as a senior Sitar teacher for 22 years.

Khan Saheb belongs to the Beenkargharana and was a dedicated teacher. At the farewell function glowing tributes were paid to him.

Picture shows Shri S. Ramakrishnan, Executive Secretary of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan honouring Khan Saheb with a shawl. Looking on is Shri Dinkar Kaikini, principal of the Shikshapith.



families were financially handicapped to undertake even minimum repairs.

### **PROF. C. N. VAKIL AND MISS MANIBEN KARA**

WE deeply regret the recent passing away of Prof. C. N. Vakil and Miss Maniben Kara, both well-known citizens of Bombay who had distinguished themselves in different walks of life.

Prof. Vakil, an internationally respected economist, died suddenly at the ripe age of 84. Age never seemed to affect his vigorous pursuit of the subject, and his writings cautioning the Government against the dangers of inflation and offering constructive advice commanded attention.

After a brilliant academic career, Prof. Vakil served in numerous responsible positions including Vice-Chancellorship of the South Gujarat University. He was also a visiting Professor in American Universities. Despite his preoccupations, Prof. Vakil, a well-wisher of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, used to find time to make an occasional contribution to the Bhavan's Journal, the most recent being in the issue dated May 6, 1979 on the economic benefits of cow protection.

Miss Maniben Kara, who had been ailing for some time, before she passed away at the age of 74 was, if one may say so, a man among trade union leaders. She was not only a pioneer among women to take up the cause of the workers but a prominent freedom fighter and humanist who worked among slum dwellers for their welfare and uplift.

### **I. T. APPELLATE TRIBUNAL PRESIDENT**

WE congratulate Shri D. Rangaswamy on his promotion as President of the Income Tax Appellate

Tribunal in Bombay, from November 1979.

He was a Chartered Accountant for 20 years, and President of the Southern India Regional Council of Chartered Accountants of India, before serving as Vice-President of the I. T. Appellate Tribunal, Southern Zone.

A man of great integrity, he has been a well-wisher of the Bhavan.

### **GURUDEV SIVANANDA MAHARAJ'S 93RD JAYANTI**

Gurudev Sri Swami Sivananda Maharaj's 93rd Jayanti was celebrated at Madurai for nine days, from September 1, under the auspices of the Madurai Divine Life Society, with lectures by many distinguished academicians and cultural programmes. Dr. Jaya Kothai Pillai, Head of the Department of Education, Madurai University, detailed the various aspects of education as suggested by Gurudev, and said that children should be nurtured carefully and made responsible citizens. Dr. Smt. Meenakshi of the University spoke on the greatness of women as revealed by Sivananda, and emphasised that character is the basic thing for women.

### **PROPOSAL FOR RESEARCH ON PALM SCRIPTS IN THANJAVUR**

PRESIDING at a function sponsored by the Sri Govinda Deekshidhar Punya Smarana Samithi, Kumbakonam for releasing printed copies of the Rig Veda, the District Collector, Shri D. Gangappa, suggested that a comprehensive research be undertaken to bring out the knowledge and wisdom embedded in the 38,000 palm scripts in Tamil, Telugu and Sanskrit, stored in the Saraswathi Mahal Library in Thanjavur. He felt it would take more than 100 years to print them.



### WAGES OF WORDS

Paradise Lost earned its author the princely sum of £18. Jane Austen, unable to place her first book, which was called *Pride and Prejudice*, sold Northanger Abbey for £10 to a Bath publisher, who then got cold feet and demanded the £10 back.

Swift, Fielding and Trollope could only live by being gainfully occupied in other capacities. Keats, as we know, was a hospital dresser and Wordsworth held the unusual post of 'distributor of stamps for the country of Westmorland.' As Isaac d'Israeli, who, in addition to fathering the statesman, moved in literary circles, wrote in his *Calamities of Authors*, 'Authors continue poor, and Booksellers become opulent; an extraordinary result.' There would be some who claim that the position is not so very different today.

Success has, on the other hand, brought rewards sometimes somewhat in excess of what is justified. Tennyson refused an offer of £200,000 for a lecture tour in the USA, and why bother when he could get £700 for a single poem in the magazine *Good Words*, and £1,000 for a three-stanza one from the lectureless USA?

—Arthur Marshall

### CORRECTION

Shri R. Thiagarajan of Bangalore has drawn our attention to the fact that in the Srichakra symbol printed on page 17 of "Bhavan's Journal" issue dated October 7, 1979, (Volume 26, No. 5), the five triangles are shown with apexes upward and four with apexes downward, instead of being shown the other way. The error is regretted.

Shri Gangappa disclosed that financial assistance would be made available to indigent Sanskrit pundits under a scheme initiated by the Government of India, and suggested that applications in this regard be submitted to the collector.

### HARIDAS BHAJANA MANJARI

THE Madhwa Sangha (Regd.), 6 Tenth Street, Nanganallur, Madras, proposes to publish a compendious volume in Tamil entitled *Haridas Bhajana Manjari* containing about 200 compositions of Sri Purandara-dasa, Sri Vijayadasa, etc. Sri Purandaradasa is well known as a "Sanghitha Pithamaha" of India. The publication is intended to meet the needs of a large number of devotees who do not know Kanarese. The Tirumala-Triupathi Devasthanam has extended a financial help of Rs. 5,000 for the project. Donors of Rs. 10 and above will be supplied with a free copy of the book which is scheduled to be released in January 1980.

The Madhwa Sangha, established in 1970, is an organization propagating the philosophy of Sri Madhwacharya, and takes active part in socio-religious activities.

### SMKSHEPA RAMAYANAM RELEASED

A 25-page booklet "Smkshepa Ramayanam" (Hindi) published by Valmiki Book Company, Kumbakonam, has been released in aid of the Navagraha Deepam at the Sri Venkatachalapathi Sannidhi at Thirumalai.

The booklet will be sent free to those who send Rs. 2/- in aid of the Deepam. Booklets in Tamil and English are under print, says a press release issued by Sri Balaji Ram, No. 5, Kasiraman Street, Kumbakonam.



## SANSKRIT-ENGLISH

**SARVAVEDANTASARASANGRAHA** (QUINTESENCE OF VEDANTA) Text with English translation and Introduction by Swami Tattwananda and Introduction by Swami Agamananda, Sri Ramakrishna Advaita Ashrama, P. O. Kaladi, Ernakulam. Rs. 24/-.

"Sarvavedantasarasangraha" is a compendium (Prakarana) of Advaita philosophy like the *Vivekachudamani* and other works attributed to Adi Samkaracharya. It consists of 1006 limpid verses mostly in Anushtubh metre with a good sprinkling of others in longer metres. It deals with basic teachings of the Advaita system beginning with the Sadhanas and their constituents like Vairagya, Sraddha, nityanityavastuviveka and expounds the true nature of Atman as 'Sakshicaitanya' established as the common denominator of the three states of dreaming, waking and sleep. It goes on to deal with other topics like Ajnana or Mula-Avidya and its two powers, the nature of Jivopadhi and Isvaropadhi, the abstracted interpretation of the mahavakya "Tat Tvam asi", the doctrine of superimposition, the theory of creation, Panchikarana of elements, Kosha-vidya, the nature of Samadhi in its two aspects, the planes of the mind, Sakshatkara, Jivanmukti and Videha-mukti.

The dialogue form is adopted for the sake of effective instruction. The text is printed in Devanagari (139 pages) followed by its English translation by Swami Tattwananda (191 pages) with footnotes giving collateral passages in translation from the Upanishads, Gita and Brahmasutras.

Swami Agamananda has given a learned Introduction covering several important topics like the date of Samkara, the reliability of the vari-

## BOOK REVIEW

ous Samkara-Vijayas, the main incidents of the Acharya's life followed by a brief account of the teachings of the Sankhya, Mimamsa and Nyaya schools and the Vedantic schools of Ramanuja and Madhva and their mutual agreements and differences. Samkara's distinctive conception of 'reality' which shapes and determines his metaphysical superstructure with its corollaries of degrees of reality (*Sattatvaividhya*), *Mulavidya*, *Aupa-dhikabhedha* to explain the world of 'appearances' are fully explained.

The Introduction admits that none of the Samkara-Vijayas which have come down to us is of substantial historical value and authenticity,—most of them being at least five to six centuries later than Samkara. It has accordingly tried to improve upon some of the facts and incidents narrated in them to make them more acceptable to modern minds. (See pp. xvii; xxii; xxvi)

It is widely accepted among scholars that Samkara's *Gitabhashya* was his earliest work and the *Brahmasutrabhashya*, his masterpiece, a much later work. Inclined to dispute this view, Swami Agamananda says in his Introduction "there are passages in the *Gitabhashya* where he (Samkara) passes by with a brief commentary, saying that he has already dealt with them elaborately, in his *Sutrabhashya*." (p. xx). This is a baseless statement. The text of Samkara's *Gitabhashya*, as we have it, makes no reference to or quotations from his *Sutrabhashya*. Any contention to the contrary should be supported by precise references to chapter and verse.



The Introduction should have discussed the authenticity of the ascription of this work to Adi Samkara. Apart from certain tell tale references to passages from the Sutrashashya (See Verses 466-68) there are unmistakable traces of indebtedness to the Prakriyas of Advaita formulated in the Post-Samkara period in such works as the Vivarana and the Sankshepasariraka, as can be seen from the use of such technical expressions as "Akhandakaravrtti" (1798, 801) Vrttivyapya" and "Phalavyapya" (807) Bhagalakshana (749, 753) "Soyam Devadatta iti..... tatha Tatvamasi ityatra (754-56). There are also instances of metrical defects (vatibhanga) in verses 21,716 and the use of ungrammatical (un-Paninian) forms like "Striyadi" (verse 87) which make it more probable than not that this work is not from the pen of Adi Samkara of Sarirakashashya—fame, but the work of a very much later Acharya of the school endowed with great poetic talent and felicity of expression.

—Dr. B.N.K. Sharma.

### ENGLISH

**SATSANG NOTES** by Hessler Frey. Published by Ananda Niketan Trust, Pune. Pages 102. Price Rs. 10/- There is also a de luxe edition of Rs. 35/-

THIS is the first Indian edition of the book (1978) published a year ago by Truth Consciousness, Inc. (U.S.A.)—a corporation founded by Swami Amar Jyoti and now operating in four centres. The book is based on the author's notes of the talks given by the Swamiji and the discussion he had with him on the occasion of the first annual spiritual retreat held at the Sacred Mountain Ashram in Colorado. The notes are expanded to form the author's, inter-

pretation of Swamiji's teachings at the sessions. They assume that the reader has some foreknowledge of and involvement with the subject matter. 'Satsang' means company of noble men. It is seen that Swamiji is held in high esteem.

The book deals with several topics such as the role of the spiritual teacher, nature of the sub-conscious mind, the wonders of chanting, prayer and meditation, the hurdles in the path of spiritual progress, the ego and its elimination, the three types of the ego, the six psychic centres, the three paths to liberation (knowledge, action and devotion) and the cause and cure of our sufferings.

The 15 illustrations in the book are too symbolic to be appreciated. There are two or three parables, but quotations from other sources than Swamiji are very few. The book should be helpful to seekers of Truth throughout the English-knowing world. It is also noteworthy as a testimony to the keenness with which aspirants like the author in the West are following the Swamiji's footsteps. The author and the publishers deserve all praise.

—V. K. Moothathu.

### THEORY AND PRACTICE OF CENTRAL BANKING IN INDIA

by Dr. V. A. AVADHANI with a foreword by Shri I. G. Patel, Governor, Reserve Bank of India. Published by Somaiya Publications Pvt. Ltd., Bombay-14, pages 207, Price Rs. 20/-.

BANKING, the mainspring of the commercial world is relatively old while compared to central banking. Traditionally banks act as intermediaries between savers and investors besides being the creators and distributors of credit money, profit being the sole consideration. The



Central Bank on the other hand whether in private sector or public sector never functions with a profit motive though it might make profits. The sound health of the entire economy of the nation is its main concern though it acts as a bankers' bank or a banker to the Government. Historically the Central Bank was needed to keep the internal as well as the external value of the currency stable, but today it is charged with the responsibility of not only holding the price line fairly constant but also of promoting economic growth with an increase in the level of employment and income. With that end in view the Reserve Bank of India was established in 1935. Ever since its inception the R.B.I. is striving hard to play its role effectively.

In this book, Dr. Avadhani has described how the Reserve Bank had risen to the occasion whenever there was a call from the nation though the money market in this country is not so well organised as in the western countries. The book is comprehensive and complete so far as the subject matter is concerned and we are sure this book is going to be a very good addition to the books on banking and finance by other Indian authors.

—K. G. Mallya

### SANSKRIT-HINDI

**DIVYASURICĀRITAM** by Garudavahana Pandita. Sanskrit text edited with Hindi rendering by Pt. Madhavacharya. Anantacharya Research Institute, Cuffe Parade, Bombay-5. Price Rs. 30/-.

DIVYASURICĀRITAM is the well-known hagiological Kavya descriptive of the semi-legendary lives of the twelve Alvars and the Acharyas like Nathamuni, Ramamisra, Yamuna, Gosthipurna and Ramanuja.

The work is written in the stan-

dard descriptive classical Kavya style. The diction is Vaidarbhi and the impress of the Raghuvamsa is seen in the introductory verses and in the body of the work in the handling of Sringararasa (ii, 31-32) and of common themes (xiii) and poetic conceits and prasas.

The question of the date of the work stands complicated by the references in canto 19 (which has been given as an Appendix by the Editors) to many of the latter day followers of Ramanuja like Vedanta Desika and to the author Garudavahana Pandita himself as belonging to a future generation in the history of Srivaishnavism. The Editor has stated that he considers Prof. B. V. Ramanujam's view placing the work in the early 16th century "decisive."

Among the Alvars, five are supposed to be "Ayonijas." The Srivaishnava tradition holds them to be "amsa-avatars" of Nityasuris. The traditional chronology is mostly legendary. The Editor could have discussed it historically. Many of the Alvars are said to be "amsas" of various weapons and ornaments of the Lord such as the conch, mace, sword, disc, kaustubhamani, bow etc. Though the weapons may be "apparakṛta," it is not clear how the Alvars who are "Chetanas" can be regarded as the "amsas" or avatars of these weapons etc., unless they too are claimed to be "Chetanas." This needs clarification.

The original Tamil equivalents of the two works of Tondaradippodi Alvar (Tirumalai and Tiruppalliezucchi) have not been given in the Hindi version (p. 115). The work is provided with an index to verses and is well printed on good paper. It has a table of contents with full details. The Hindi rendering is well done.

—Dr. B. N. K. Sharma.



**WINGS AND BONDS** by Dilip Kumar Roy. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay—400 007. Pages 111. Price Rs. 15/-.

**SHRI D. K. ROY** is a God-realised saint who has been working for a regeneration of man for the past many decades. Indeed he has influenced and moulded the minds and lives of many aspirants wanting to live on a higher plane. This is his last spiritual novel with the same central theme of his earlier works, commonly called 'miracles'.

Here a successful worldlywise agnostic man, Nandaraj, who has a horror of things divine is completely changed as an enlightened believer by his good wife, a veritable Gopi from Brindavan with the divine help of a saint who changes the course of life of the entire family and transforms the atmosphere in the story. Nandaraj has a son, Ekanta, by his first wife and he wants him to be a successful businessman, a civilised man and a pillar of society. But the son has a divine spark in him which becomes manifest when the father marries this Gopi, Fullara. Other characters are Sushanta, a family friend, Sukhendra, a neighbour and his bright daughter Pari and spiritual figures Goswami and Mahesh. They all have sprung from life. They are real and convincing, not allegorical figures.

As the story develops the Divine Grace descends on the family of Nandaraj whose spiritual evolution becomes a fact of his wordly life. The message is obvious. We are here tied with numerous bonds. Our life is dissipated in the pursuit of things unreal. It is like ignorant armies clashing in the dark night. It is essential to break these bonds and acquire wings to discover the ultimate destination by growing conscious of the Divine and live in it for ever. It is refreshing to see how

Shri D. K. Roy brings in his small novel profound philosophical truths from the ancient texts, the sayings of Shri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda and also from the experiences of Tagore and Einstein.

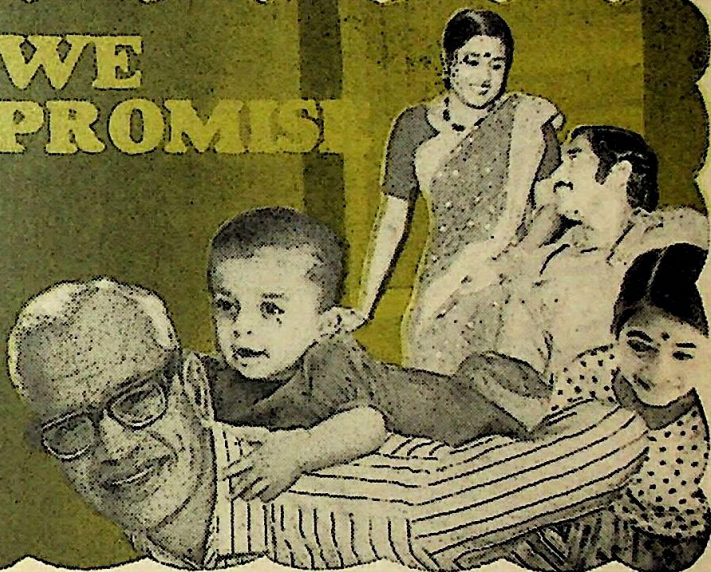
Towards the end the action is quick and a miracle does happen which saves the life of Nandaraj in a plane accident. The 30th chapter unfolds the climax. The supreme miracle is the transformation of the drop into the deep. The essence of Yoga is remembrance, first and last. The eternal pledge of the Redeemer bursts upon the souls of the characters as they acquire an indefinable spiritual dimension. The Guru is the pilot on earth: humility, prayer and total surrender to Him constitute the Sadhana. D. K. Roy does not belittle scientific materialism, rationalism or even the complex world as it is. But he like a great Tapaswi opens up a new world of faith and love to the Sadhakas. The characters don't leave the world as it is not necessary, but they discover a new certitude, a sense of true religiousness and happiness in life. Fullara the wife in her mystic ecstasy shines throughout. In fact she is the first guru of Nandaraj whose final awakening is a natural step in the remarkable growth of his spiritual life. Ekanta and Hari are made for each other. They must go through the world keeping the spark intact.

The author has written an illuminating preface which is largely autobiographical, but it provides a fine commentary of the theme. The book, a product of the vast spiritual experience of an author of Shri D. K. Roy's eminence, is of perennial interest. His style is lucid and sincerity is transparent. There are passages where the author is irresistible.

—B. P. Bhatt.



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Having voluntarily forsaken the throne of Ayodhya to his younger brother, Sri Rama is nevertheless concerned for the well-being of his people.

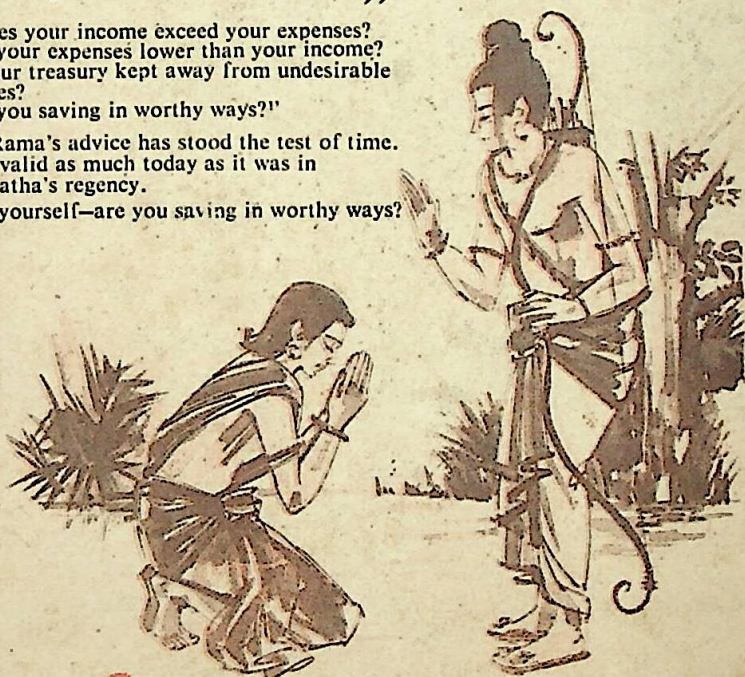
When Bharatha visits him in his forest exile, Sri Rama gently asks, without appearing to advise:

६६ आयस्ते विपुलः कञ्चित् कञ्चिदल्पतरो व्ययः  
अपात्रेषु नते कञ्चित् कोपो गच्छति राघव ९९

"Does your income exceed your expenses?  
Are your expenses lower than your income?  
Is your treasury kept away from undesirable causes?  
Are you saving in worthy ways?"

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It is valid as much today as it was in Bharatha's regency.

Ask yourself—are you saving in worthy ways?



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